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STANDPATTERS IN PERIL

AS a campaigner Jud Rush is proving all that we predicted several weeks ago in his vote-getting efforts to succeed "Jim" McLachlan as representative in congress from the Seventh district. But he is handicapped in one direction, and that pretty seriously. The esteemed Times is supporting him by printing his speeches and ignoring all manner of reference to the Republican nominee. Considering that in the recent controversy between the organization forces and the Lincoln-Roosevelt adherents, all sorts of uncomplimentary allusions to the latter were passed, because of their alleged disaffection, this attitude of Mr. Rush's champion is a trifle disconcerting to those fond of consistency.

James McLachlan is a thorough-going organization man, and as such would seem to be entitled to the support of the organization organ. However, he is really gaining votes by the present process, for many an independent Republican whose predilections are for Taft, first, and a Democratic house next, will lean toward McLachlan and, conversely, away from Rush because of the inconsistency of the Times. Truth is, the tariff revisionists feel it a duty to rebuke the Republican party for its insincerity on the tariff, by repudiating all standpatters, and as Mr. McLachlan is of that reactionary breed, he may have to suffer for his political sins.

It would not be at all surprising to see Mr. Taft elected, but with the lower house of congress given over to the Democrats by way of emphasizing the protest of the rank and file Republicans to the tariff chicanery in the platform. Four years ago there was a Republican working majority of one hundred and twelve votes in the house, which was reduced to fifty-seven two years later. A change in twenty-nine congressional districts will turn the trick. That it will be turned is not at all unlikely. Nor would it be much of a calamity. It would impress on the Republican leaders in the most emphatic manner,

the true sentiment of the people in regard to the trust monopolies which favored tariff legislation has created, a condition subversive of that equality before the law which has been, theoretically, the foundation of American government and society.

In the olden days despotic and aristocratic governments, as Professor Eliot has well stated, were wont to bestow special privileges on nobles, court favorites, sinecure holders and commercial adventurers, by means of royal monopoly charter. In certain European centers the creation by law of privileged or favored men, or classes, is still practiced. But these privileges so bestowed, even the most profitable, pale into insignificance beside the democratic way of enriching a few individuals, or a small class, at the expense of the bulk of the community, and with no benefit to the state. Year after year the people have been robbed of half a billion of dollars and upward, through the iniquitous tariff which Mr. McLachlan and other standpatters are quite ready to continue. The time has come to express radical disapproval of such violation of fundamental equity. Standpat candidates have cause to beware of the approaching third of November.

STATUS OF THE BALKAN SITUATION

TRouble in the Balkans has been a familiar phrase in the cable dispatches for upward of twenty years or more, but it has remained for Austria to make this more than a mere phrase by violating the Berlin treaty in the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is believed Emperor Francis Joseph has acted in secret collusion with Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who has taken advantage of the political situation at Constantinople by declaring Bulgaria to be a free and independent nation. Both of these acts at any other stage of Turkey's history would have precipitated a crisis in eastern affairs, but the time was well chosen when the patriotic Young Turks, fully occupied with the regeneration of the Ottoman empire from within, have all they can do to maintain control of the domestic situation. They have just wrested a constitution from the sultan, and the reform party, now in the saddle, is in no condition to engage the well-armed and well-prepared Bulgarians in what would certainly prove a protracted war.

That Turkey will appeal to the allied European powers to protect her alleged rights under the terms of the Berlin treaty is not to be doubted, but that the signatories will attempt to restore Bulgaria to Turkey is highly improbable. The sultan's hold on the Balkan principality was a tenuous one, at best, Prince Ferdinand having been the nominal ruler for more than twenty years. With Germany and Italy secretly favoring Ferdinand, and openly friendly to Austria, and with France and Great Britain anxious to preserve the peace of Europe, it is extremely unlikely that Turkey will be allowed to resort to hostilities to regain her slight hold on Bulgaria. Russia will not object. Greece and Serbia were no more entitled to their independence than Bulgaria, is the feeling at St. Petersburg.

Still slier was the Porte's control over Bosnia and Herzegovina. Those provinces were assigned to Austria-Hungary's protection at the close of the Berlin conference in 1878, and for thirty years Austria has governed the two states. All this time, it is suspected, Emperor Joseph has awaited the psychological moment to enter in full possession; the new administration in Turkey gave him his opportunity. With the provinces' titular suzerain deeply occupied in putting its own house in order came the hour to change the protectorate into a sovereignty, and

the proclamation announcing the Austria-Hungary right of succession was issued, and the guarantee of a constitutional form of government made. This formal annexation is regarded as irrevocable. Austria will contend to the last ditch for her newly-acquired possessions, and with Germany behind her, eager to achieve revenge for fancied or real slights in the past by the allied powers, it is believed no effort will be made to compel Austria to disgorge.

That an international conference will be called to formulate a new treaty is certain. But it is equally certain that Austria-Hungary will not participate unless assured that the Bosnia-Herzegovina incident will be regarded as closed, and not a subject for discussion. Serbia is inclined to make trouble by threatening to test Austria's strength, the excuse being that the new occupation threatens to hem in Serbia on the west; then, too, much of the population of Bosnia is of the Serbian race, and said to be opposed to annexation. But the disturbances at Belgrade are not likely to precipitate war. Nor is there much danger of Serbia attacking Bulgaria; her previous experience with the latter country was too disastrous to invite a repetition.

Surveying the situation in its entirety, there seems little probability of war, but in case of the calling of an international conference there is likely to be an indecent exhibition by the powers for what is politely termed "compensatory advantages." Russia, for example, is ready to demand the opening of the Dardanelles; Italy wants Albania; Greece, Crete, while Great Britain and France have larger designs on the Ottoman empire. It is to be hoped that the sultan in this crisis will not attempt to use the loss of his provinces as a pretext for withdrawing the constitution just granted the Young Turk party. That was his course in 1876, when he withdrew this same constitution prior to the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war. Such a retrograde movement would be a genuine calamity.

SENATOR DOLLIVER'S CANT

IN his speech at Shrine Auditorium last Monday night Senator Dolliver denied that the tariff was the paramount issue of the campaign; the supreme question, in his opinion, for the American people today, is to preserve and perpetuate in the national life those ideals of public integrity and private honesty which have made the name of Theodore Roosevelt famous and memorable in the history of our times.

This is getting away from a concrete subject to deal in glittering generalities. It is always in order for the American people to strive for high ideals in the life of the nation, to stand firm for public integrity, to extol private honesty, whether such traits of character are found in the President of the country or in the humblest official of a municipality. But while granting the importance of these things, we prefer to see concrete evils attacked rather than abstract principles lauded, as in Mr. Dolliver's case. The senator from Iowa admits that he cannot cherish any animosity against the Dingley bill because he helped to frame it, as a member of the ways and means committee of the house.

Naturally, he is fond of his own offspring. But he omitted to tell his hearers that the ways and means committee was assisted in its labors by eastern magnates and money kings, who fixed tariff schedules in such a way that the masses of the people would have to pay them tribute. He knows that the tariff schedules of which he appears so proud of having helped to impose, have returned to the government no perceptible revenue, and not only have not merely equaled the

difference in the cost of production here and abroad, but are decidedly in excess of the total wage cost of production in the country. We deny that these schedules are protective; they are unjust and discriminatory; they are filching from consumers many millions of dollars annually—the enforced tribute from the west to the business bandits of the east—the tariff beneficiaries who dominate congress, whose representatives, like John Dalzell, are maintained at Washington to perpetuate the iniquity Mr. Dolliver helped to fasten upon the country.

We could have wished that the public integrity the senator extolled had been displayed in behalf of the people when American labor was being "protected," as the standpatters love to tell us. He ought to know that any protective system which compels the great mass of wage-earners to pay for many of the most important necessities of life as much again as the same class pays in other industrial countries, and then points to the difference in the relative dimensions of the week's pay as indicative of the superiority of the standard of living of American workingmen, is palpably a fraud on those whom it professes to benefit. This may not be a paramount issue with Senator Dolliver, with the barons who collect the profits of monopoly, but we can assure him it is a vital question with those who are in bondage to the trusts, who are helpless victims of what has been well termed "syndicated larceny."

Protection for the industries that need fostering we cheerfully accord. With the principle itself, justly administered, we have no quarrel. But a halt should be called on a system that is luring the wealth of the nation out of the hands of the many into the pockets of the few; that has made equality of opportunity no longer possible; that serves only as an instrument of plunder. Infant industries! We have none to speak of, that need protecting. Our huge industrial corporations overshadow the world, whose products can compete successfully in all markets. Mr. Dolliver talks cant; he would not reform the tariff if he could. Scratch his back and the trail of a trust will be found beneath the exterior cuticle. Public integrity and private honesty the paramount issue? Yes, it is, but only in a Pickwickian sense, so far as Standpatter Dolliver is concerned. Legalized robbery of upward of ninety millions of American consumers merely provokes this Iowa statesman to well-bred laughter.

"PROSPERITY WEEK" PLANNED

NO matter whether it be Bryan, president-elect, or William Howard Taft, as Roosevelt's successor, the chamber of commerce will hold a great manufacturers' celebration eleven days after election, from November 16 to 21, in what is to be known locally as "Prosperity Week." The object is a capital one, to convince skeptics that Los Angeles no longer is a sanatorium, merely, but by reason of her manufacturing industries, the excellence and great variety of her products, she is entitled to take high rank on the coast as a commercial center.

"Made in Los Angeles" is a winning shibboleth. Few persons realize that from eighteen hundred to two thousand different articles are manufactured in this city and environs, giving steady employment to thousands of mechanics, artisans, and clerks, distributing several million dollars annually in wages and producing upward of fifty millions of dollars of manufactured goods in a like period. It is to emphasize these facts that the discerning executive committee of the chamber of commerce has planned a "Prosperity Week," which Secretary Wiggins declares will be a "hummer." One of the features will be an industrial parade, in which numerous floats will be displayed expressive of the multifarious industries of Southern California's metropolis.

"Prosperity Week" is intended to be a sort of antidote to the monetary panic of last winter, which, as every student knows, was the result of loss of confidence. Great is the power of suggestion. It is wisely argued that when the people are brought face to face with the industries that form the foundation of Los Angeles' sta-

bility, greater confidence in the city than ever before experienced will inevitably result. Not only will this display have its ethical value, but the practical good can hardly be overestimated. Where so much is made at home that is in every way the equal of eastern products, the folly of sending elsewhere for the same articles will be forcibly impressed on the minds of all observers. This is the lesson that is sought to be enforced, and it cannot be too strongly accented.

It is to be hoped the manufacturers themselves will respond with alacrity to this effort of the chamber of commerce to exploit home-made wares. There should be enthusiastic support evinced and a determination on the part of all, from the largest to the humblest of the industries, to be represented in the great parade. The merchants will do their share by decorating their store fronts with the municipal colors, while shop windows will not fail to reflect the spirit of the week with a profusion of home-made goods. The Graphic congratulates the chamber of commerce on the "Prosperity Week" idea. It ought to prove a winning feature.

TAFT, AND A DEMOCRATIC HOUSE

CAN Taft be elected? We believe he can, and will be, but we also believe the people will elect a Democratic house of congress at the same time, by way of rebuke to the Republican party for its responsibility for Cannon, for Sherman, for its insincere tariff platform, and for sundry other peccadillos that call for stern reprisals. To defeat Taft the Democrats must carry:

	Electoral Votes.
Alabama	11
Arkansas	9
Florida	5
Georgia	13
Louisiana	9
Mississippi	10
North Carolina	12
South Carolina	9
Tennessee	12
Texas	18
Virginia	12
Total	120

Granted, that these incontestably Democratic states will cast their electoral votes for Mr. Bryan. Next, the Democrats must be successful in

	Electoral Votes.
Delaware	3
Kentucky	13
Maryland	8
Missouri	18
Oklahoma	7
West Virginia	7
Total	56

Of these, Delaware has gone Republican since 1896; Kentucky has been solidly Democratic since 1876; Maryland gave her eight electoral votes to the Republican candidate in 1896 and 1900, but switched to the Democratic side in 1904; Missouri broke an uninterrupted Democratic run four years ago by joining the Roosevelt stampede; it may repeat its action this year; Oklahoma will cast her first presidential vote next month, with the chances in favor of Bryan, and West Virginia for the last three quadrennial elections has been Republican. It is not probable that Bryan will be successful in all these border states, but, even admitting that he is, he still lacks sixty-six votes of the necessary 242, necessary for a choice. In what northern states is he likely to receive this number? We would class these as possible, in view of existing conditions:

	Electoral Votes.
New York	39
New Jersey	12
Indiana	15
Total	66

Both New York and New Jersey have shown Republican preference since 1896, when they repudiated Bryan. This year conditions are vastly changed. A bitter fight is being waged on Hughes, by various interests, but in their desire to defeat the governor trades will be made

for Taft that may give the Ohioan the state. New Jersey is likely to follow New York's lead. Indiana has shown increasing Democratic strength of late years, and the Republicans are extremely skeptical of success in the Hoosier state. We would class as doubtful, but with a good fighting chance for Bryan:

	Electoral Votes.
Colorado	5
Idaho	3
Montana	3
Nebraska	8
Utah	3
Wisconsin	13
Wyoming	3

Total 38

To recapitulate, the Democratic candidate has:

	Electoral Votes.
Southern States	120
Border States of South (possibly)	56
Northern three (equal chance)	66
Total	242

He may lose Delaware (3), West Virginia (7), and Missouri (18), and still recoup in the middle west and northwest states, in which he has an even chance with Taft, but we hardly look for Wisconsin to recede from the Republican column in which the Badger state has been found, with only one defection, for thirty-two years. Unless the country is more stirred beneath the surface than now appears, the outlook, at this writing, certainly favors Taft's election. But with only twenty-nine congressional districts to change, it would not be surprising to see the house turned over to the Democrats. It is the only sure way to repudiate Cannon and declare unmistakably for genuine tariff revision.

BLOWHOLES IN THE AMENDMENT

IT is not because The Graphic has any objections to the principle involved in the proposed constitutional amendment No. 1, which would separate state from local taxation, that we oppose its ratification at this hearing. Quite to the contrary. We are in entire accord with the proponents of the plan in the desire to do away with unequal and unjust equalization, which the present antiquated and inadequate tax system fosters, but we believe the tax commission's scheme needs revising and amending in several particulars before it should be indorsed by the voters of the state. It is for this reason alone that we urge the defeat of the measure.

Two years from now the question should be resubmitted to the people in amended form, and if the next legislature cures certain obvious defects now noted in the proposed amendment, there should be no pronounced objection to the change. We believe the tax rate on banks, named by the commission, is too low. One per cent. on the book value of the stock, even the bankers admit is not enough. Raise this at least fifty per cent., which will be a more equal adjustment, and that source of objection will be eliminated. We have before adverted to the interest and sinking fund exemption on bonded indebtedness, which the amendment contemplates awarding banks and corporations. That strikes us as invidious. A plan should be devised to repay from the funds accruing to the state a certain proportion of the taxes collected, to meet the bonded obligations of municipality and county. This should not prove an insuperable task. Another profound objection is found in the fact that it will require a constitutional amendment to change any rate of taxation. This is fundamentally wrong. To the legislature should be relegated this function.

By taxing the gross earnings of the corporations stipulated, certain of the tax-dodging kind, such as the express companies and the Pullman corporation, now escaping their just share of taxation, will be brought to book. Instead of turning in a miserably inadequate sum, based on the amount of the tangible property found in the state, the gross earnings basis ought to pull down the persimmons. Of course, properly authorized officials will take pains to verify all statements filed at Sacramento; a rigid system of inspection of books must be embodied in the

measure. Another good feature the separation would establish would be the abrogation of the necessity for equalization between counties; each county could value property as it pleased, without being mulcted by the state, as has happened to Los Angeles in the past because of the higher standard of valuations imposed. Moreover, under the new system the annoyance and expense of paying taxes in two places would be avoided, as separate municipal assessment and collection of taxes would be unnecessary. We have always contended that it is absurd for Los Angeles city and county to maintain separate bureaus for this purpose.

That the present system subjects corporations to much adverse criticism that is not always deserved is hardly to be doubted. Bitter prejudices are engendered every year by reason of the outcry against the quasi-public utility corporations, when the system more often is at fault. Even boards of equalization have been known to refuse to deal fairly with protesting companies because of their dislike for newspaper flagellation; they are afraid of being branded as tools of the corporations and so refrain, at times, from dealing justly with the petitioners. Assessors have been known to acquire great prestige with the common people by harrying the corporations—by baiting them, so to say.

As a rule the latter are well able to take care of themselves, and they do, but this branding of officials as liars and perjurers is not a pleasant spectacle. The gross earnings plan of taxation is an improvement that promises to remedy a crying evil. The tax commission has made a good beginning, but there are blowholes in the amendment which must be closed before the measure is engrafted on the state constitution. Let us ferret out the defects, suggest the remedies, and so prepare the way for a remodeled amendment two years hence.

GRAPHITES

In trying to save a Chattanooga (Tenn.) man from the consequences of his crime, the defendant's counsel appealed from the decision of the lower court, assigning as one of the errors that the jury, after being out all night, held a prayer service, calling on the Almighty for wisdom in reaching a decision, and then brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. The superior court of Tennessee decided that the jury had not prejudiced the defendant's case by praying, and affirmed the findings of the court below. Considering that our national lawmakers never begin their daily sessions until the chaplain has invoked the guidance of the Divine Power in the deliberations of congress, this attempt of a Tennessee lawyer to cast odium on a time-honored practice certainly needed the stern rebuke it has received. Any man who has served on a jury, which has been harangued for several days by opposing lawyers until white appears black and black white, can sympathize with the Chattanooga jury, which in its great distress of mind, following a protracted trial, fell upon its knees and implored light from on high. If this resource is to be denied the average jury, then, indeed, the courts of the country may be said to be going to the d—l.

Under the head of "timely special announcement" a morning contemporary advises the public that a local savings bank, having foreclosed a lien on a stock of books left as security for a loan, has a number of "rare treasures" which the book lover may pick up at astonishingly low prices. One is urged to check off his favorite authors and send in a card of request at an early date. Among the "rare treasures" offered is "Burton's 'Arabian Nights' (unexpurgated)." We hasten to put in our bid for these unexpurgated sheiks—presumably, Sir Richard's. Visions of richly-dressed Saracens, with sabre and poniard, pressed against the light hauberk of steel rings, entwisted with silver, befitting emirs of distinction, dance before the mind's eye. These unexpurgated, soldierly Moslems suggest the familiar riddle:

A knight of all the stories told,

To Venice did repair;

While out on a frolic he was ta'en with a colic—

Can you tell me when and where?

It was in the middle of the unexpurgated

knight, according to the answer. Shades of Sir Richard Burton! To think his fascinating "Arabian Nights" should have fallen into such d—k!

Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, owner of the London Daily Mail and head of a British corporation controlling thirty-five English newspapers, has come over to study the presidential campaign and witness the November election. He thinks the American newspaper is too bulky, that it must be reduced in size. He is of the opinion that not a little trash is printed that could well be spared. Evidently, he has in view the absurd "art" supplements, with their vicious object lessons for American small boys, which are doing their utmost to instill wrong precepts and establish false standards in the minds of the American youth. He is right; that sort of trash should never gain admittance to homes where the parents have due regard for the proper upbringing of their children. We regret that Judge Wilbur failed to denounce this vitiating factor, in his Oakland speech at the Charities and Corrections conference two weeks ago.

It wasn't an "exclusive" and "direct wire" dispatch to the esteemed Times, after all, that carried the famous "Bill, Bill Taft" doggerel to a grateful Los Angeles public. The author, it is admitted, has been living in this vicinity a year and a half, and has a house over on San Rafael Heights. In an interview Mrs. Payson now says that instead of being inspired to the task by hearing Mr. Taft speak out here, the suggestion of a friend is responsible for the outbreak. "The success of the song has amazed its author," it is naively stated. Assuming that it has been a success, no one need be surprised that the author is amazed. The one line reading:

Through peaceful years we can't have wars—
with Bill, Bill Taft, places Mrs. Payson on a parity with the late Mr. Coogler, the South Carolina bard, and with the sweet singer of Michigan of revered fame. As well have sung

Through rainy days we can't have dryness
with Bill, Bill Taft. No wonder it took the San Rafael Heights poet a day and a half to compose this offertory.

Mrs. Corey—Mabelle Gilman Corey—has been heard criticizing Mrs. Alice Longworth. The ci-devant actress thinks the daughter of her father, knowing his views on race suicide, ought to put precept into practice. Mabelle is too precipitate with her criticism. Since Nicholas sprang the idea of a continuous Rooseveltian presidential dynasty, in his Rock Island speech, there is added incentive to Mrs. Alice for indulging in a family. After Theodore, Nicholas; after Nicholas, his eldest son. We suggest to the Pittsburg ironmaster's second wife that she withhold further comment for a year.

Oscar Hammerstein has caught the Silas Wegg habit and dropped into poetry. One of his latest efforts is an appreciation, in three spasms, of Gertrude Hoffmann's record-breaking vaudeville run at his Victoria theater in New York, as the impersonator of Salomé. Here is Herr Hammerstein's third spasm:

Speed on, Gertrude; in fame from
Here, 'way out to far Cape Nome—
There never was, there never will be,
Such grandiose Salome.

It is a grand poem, almost equal to Mrs. Payson's song to Bill, Bill Taft. We dislike to be thought hypercritical, but that final spasm is not quite satisfactory—we would amend it, to read as follows:

Speed, Gertrude, speed! Your fame extends
From New York bay to far Dahomey;
In you the artist-woman blends,—
You are a beau-ideal Salome.

Accompanying the poem was a piece of jewelry in the shape of a crescent composed of twelve rubies and sixteen diamonds. We violate no confidence in stating that Gertrude will ever place the poetry ahead of the crescent in her affections.

Libels suits, we have reason to know, are mighty unsatisfactory things to defend, hence our sympathy with the esteemed Express and City Prosecutor Woolwine is genuine. Called upon to prove their alleged charges against Mayor Harper and the police board, even if the statements made were beyond cavil, the difficulty of getting unimpeachable testimony before the trial court in such a case is almost insurmountable. The plaintiffs are charged with conniving at the notorious Red Light district, and, practically, of allowing state laws against the maintenance of

brothels to be violated, for a consideration. In the event this were true, the evidence, it is certain, would be in the custody of the police. As the head of that department is an appointee of the mayor and a servant of the board, what more natural than that the witnesses necessary to prove the truth of the allegations will be missing when the time to call for testimony arrives? Mind, we do not say that this will be done, or that it will be at all obligatory, it is merely a supposititious, but logical mode of procedure in case of guilt, as charged.

True to the suggestion in his name, George W. Parkman, of Boston, in his will, which has just been probated, has left four million dollars, one-half his estate, for maintenance of that city's parks. As evidencing the altered standards of wealth the New York World notes that this gift was dismissed with a few paragraphs in the newspapers, yet the benefaction was approximately eight times as great as Smithson's bequest to the Smithsonian institute. Peter Cooper endowed Cooper Union with \$630,000. Parkman gives more than six times as much to his native city for the beautifying of its parks, and he gets less than a column in the daily papers. What a commentary on the times! However, outside of his home city, comparatively few persons ever heard of the late John J. Emery, known as the "Astor of Cincinnati," owner of a thousand houses, whose estate was estimated as worth upward of forty million dollars. Wesson, the revolver-maker, left a fortune of \$25,000,000, about which the public would have known nothing save for the two years of litigation involved in probating the estate. Truly, the question may be asked, "What constitutes a rich man in these days of swollen fortunes?"

Announcement of the breaking of the engagement of Miss Elkins and the duke of Abruzzi has received in this country with mixed feelings of sympathy and satisfaction. Sympathy that true love did not have its way—for the young couple undoubtedly have genuine attachment for each other—and satisfaction that the girl had spirit enough to refuse to marry into the royal circles of Italy in face of the determined opposition of the queen. In this attitude she has the moral support of every true American. It is suspected, however, that the real cause of the break lies in the fact that Miss Elkins declined to change her religious faith, which was an insuperable obstacle to the union. Let this be arranged, and the wedding may be looked for, yet.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

San Francisco's long-suffering is only equaled by her good humor. Her tribulations have been innumerable, and would have been intolerable but for her lightheartedness. Her people have become so inured to all manner of abuse and misrepresentation that even so reckless and unwarranted an assault upon her credit and cleanliness as the explosion in the last issue of Collier's weekly, calculated to precipitate another bubonic plague scare, has been accepted mildly. There has been no roar of savage indignation. The newspapers have barely noticed Collier's flagrant offense. Simple statements of fact have been telegraphed to Norman Hapgood, Collier's editor, and he has promised explicit retraction. But the damage done cannot be repaired by retraction. Sententiously, Collier's declared, in flaunting its "Danger!" signal, "Lies will not help." Collier's editorial was based on lies, and the retraction it must now publish is supported by irrefutable facts. Those facts, attested by Dr. Rupert Blue, the federal officer who has been here for the last two years, are that the last human case of bubonic plague in San Francisco occurred January 30, and the last infected rat was found July 28. In the last eight months only three cases have occurred in the entire bay section. There is no more ground for alarm today in San Francisco than in New York, Melbourne or Liverpool. Collier's would have discovered these facts without hearing from San Francisco, but by simple inquiry of Surgeon-general Wyman in Washington.

Many fire insurance men are members of the Bohemian club, but none of them is anxious for the club's policies at its present quarters, the wooden structure at Post and Leavenworth, which was built as a temporary Palace Hotel. The club has suffered from three fires in as many months, defective wiring apparently being the cause. The last fire occurred in the kitchen at the luncheon hour last Friday, and members vied with the fire-

men in extinguishing it. Foremost among the amateur fire fighters was Joe Chanslor, who stood on the roof of the building and attempted to direct the operations of the professionals. The reward of Joe Chanslor's heroic intrepidity was a ducking from the hose, which cooled his ardor and spoiled a suit of clothes. They are telling the former Los Angelen that he may be an authority on oil—he has made several millions out of it—but that he has much to learn about water.

There is a popular impression that it is extremely difficult for any one except an actress or a minister to secure free advertising from "the great metropolitan journals." But Nat Goodwin has discovered how easy it is to exploit his mining speculations through the interest that is supposed to attach to his personal affairs. For instance, this is what got past the eagle eye of many news editors one night this week: "It is known that a big strike on the — property yesterday, news of which was immediately wired to Goodwin, with an urgent request for his instant return, failed to shake his determination to continue on to London."

Attendance at the Trans-Mississippi congress was disappointing, for there were not more than seventy-five delegates from outside the state. The hotels were hard hit, for they had subscribed liberally to the entertainment fund in the expectation of many guests. The great falling off in the number of delegates is attributed to the cutting off of railroad passes by the Interstate Commerce law. In previous years the railroads had been exceedingly liberal in providing delegates to the congress with free transportation. This is one of the few features of the Hepburn act for which railroad men are truly grateful, for the prevention of interstate passes has not only added considerably to the incomes of railways, but has relieved officials of incessant nuisance from the importunities of "deadheads."

Mr. Hearst's visit created all the excitement anticipated both by friend and foe. A quizzing bee was organized for his discomfiture at his public meeting in the Central theater. If you read the Examiner, you must believe that the meeting was a tremendous personal triumph for Mr. Hearst, and that the "quizzers" were completely routed. If you read the Call, you found that Mr. Hearst retired from the assaults of the "quizzers" in humiliation and disgrace. If you had happened to be at the meeting yourself, you would have realized that the performances of both Mr. Hearst and "the quizzers" were disappointing. What San Francisco would really like to see is Mr. Hearst and Mr. Heney in a ten-foot ring. It would be a greater attraction than any Nelson-Gans engagement.

Mr. Hearst appeared with Mr. Hisgen the next day (Saturday) in the Greek theater at Berkeley. The classic beauty of the proscenium has not been enhanced by the recent inscription, in gilt letters of prodigious size, recording the donor's name. Perhaps the regents of the university thought it fitting that Mrs. Hearst's gift should be illuminated by a Hearst headline.

Judge Murasky will poll a large vote for supreme court justice in San Francisco, but Justice Harry Melvin's personal popularity in Alameda county and the normal Republican majority in the remainder of the state may save him.

Tom Graham, the Southern Pacific's able and hustling successor of George Parkyns and "Billy" Luce, passed a few days of his vacation here, his old home, last week, on his way to increase the rates (death) for all sorts of game in Mendocino county. George Parkyns also has been renewing old friendships here this week.

Bessie Beatty, who started her newspaper career in Los Angeles, is now one of the "stars" of the Bulletin. She has become as adept in interviewing distinguished criminals as in answering queries "How to be Miserable though Unmarried."

Walter Hoff Seely appears to be making a great success of his management of the new Valencia theater. One of his popular innovations at this house is a "babies' checking room," where tired mothers may leave their infants in the care of a trained nurse, amid a variety of attractive toys, before they enjoy the performance in carelessness and confidence.

R. H. C.
San Francisco, Oct. 15.

BY THE WAY

Questioned John Byrne's Sanity

John J. Byrne of the Santa Fe is back from a six-weeks' swing through the northwestern country via Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific—his first experience of that trans-continental line—returning, after a visit in Toronto, Chicago, and other eastern cities, via the Santa Fe. In Chicago he found little interest in the presidential campaign, the whole town being baseball mad. Apropos of this, Mr. Byrne tells a good story. "I called on Arthur Clark, formerly managing editor of the Examiner here, now occupying a like position with the American. He said, 'John, I want very much to do something nice for you while you are in Chicago.'

"'Why, I don't need a thing, Arthur,' I answered him.

"'But I insist,' was his reply. Then he looked carefully around the office, got up from his desk and closed the door, came back, reached down into an inside pocket of his coat, and, taking out a card case, slowly extracted two white coupons.

"'Here, John,' said he, very impressively, 'are two box seats for the Chicago-Detroit game tomorrow,' and he laid them gingerly on the desk before me.

"'Thank you, Arthur, that's very kind, I'm sure, but I really don't care for them.'

"'What!' he almost shrieked. 'Do you realize what you are saying? Two box seats for the Cubs' and Tigers' game tomorrow,' he reiterated slowly, and with great emphasis.

"'Yes, I know,' I said, 'but I cannot go.'

"He looked at me with a queer expression in his eyes, as if he doubted my sanity. Then he remarked, 'John, don't tell anybody in the city that you deliberately turned down two box seats to that game, people will think you're crazy, sure.'

"I laughed. I tell you Chicago is daffy on the national game this year."

Broke His Own Rule

"Tom" McCaffery, as every student of local politics knows, for a number of years combined, with his official duties as assistant superintendent of the Southern Pacific, the work entailed as political agent of the railroad in the Democratic camp. About a year ago he was transferred to the Pacific Electric, where he serves as master of transportation, proving, I have no doubt, a most efficient official. I understand he is a bit of a martinet in his administration, demanding strict attention to all rules and regulations promulgated. This fact renders his infraction of one of his hard-and-fast rules the more surprising. The other night, at the rush hour of 6 p. m., "Tom" stood on the lower front step of an interurban car as it approached Second street on Main, where a dozen suburbanites awaited its advent. Attempts to board the car were greatly hindered and almost frustrated by the master of transportation's burly figure, past which it was difficult to squeeze. Instead of dropping off and giving the anxious patrons a chance to pile on and stand up Tom held his ground doggedly and when one remonstrated he growled back that nobody had a right to get on until the car stopped. Technically, that is correct, but the car came so near to a standstill that had the step been clear the work of taking on passengers would have been accelerated. Had a subordinate employee been guilty of this dereliction and reported, I fear he would have been severely disciplined.

Fred Phelps Shakes Goldfield

Fred M. Phelps is back from Goldfield, prepared to remain here all winter. He says with a sigh, that Goldfield is quiet, awfully quiet, these days. Fred, I believe, was interested in leased property in the mining camp, in which several California club members joined. I am told that in his zeal to make the mine "go" Fred donned overalls and a khaki coat, and went below on the "night shift" with a pick and goad. He does not dwell upon this phase of his advent in Goldfield, but the facts are as related. The boom camps of two years ago in Southern Nevada, are all resting quietly, just now, waiting for the pouring in of new capital to develop properties, which it is believed will be forthcoming after election.

Nat Goodwin Holds Record

Nat Goodwin, who holds the record in Reno for a quick divorce—they are said to be handed out between trains in the Nevada town—is quoted as declaring that Los Angeles is destined to become the rendezvous of the world, the greatest

theater town on earth, and that when he retires from the stage, a year and a half hence, he is going to build a theater here, "just because I must have something to do and a show house of my own will keep me interested." As everybody knows, Nat has a house at Ocean Park. Now that he is freed from his marital chains, he may be expected to "link up" again before long. Nat has the habit, and is bound to go through the ceremony in a brief fitting.

Beveridge's Tribute to Flint

In his speech at Sacramento last week, Senator Beveridge paid a fine tribute to his colleague, Senator Frank P. Flint of this city, whom he designated as one of "the coming men in the senate," along with Piles of Washington, and Dixon of Montana, all three western men. Said Mr. Beveridge, as quoted in the Sacramento Union:

It is a real inspiration to me to be associated in congress with men of the type of California's junior senator, Frank P. Flint, and the congressman from the Second congressional district, Duncan McKinlay. Each is a progressive of the right kind, and each is found voting for the right measures. I predict a brilliant career for them if California continues to send them to Washington. In the fight in the senate for a greater American navy last winter Senator Flint was an aggressive representative of the interests of California, and the fact that the American navy will have two new battleships every year is due in large part to his work.

Down here the mental growth of "Our Frank" has been noted with deep satisfaction by his many friends and admirers. That he may long continue to represent California in the upper branch of congress is the wish of all who have the welfare of the state at heart.

It is Editor Elder Now

In addition to his other many accomplishments, my friend, Charles A. Elder, president of the Globe Savings bank and the Los Angeles Investment company, has blossomed out as an editor. I welcome Brother Elder to the fold. The first number of the Home Builder reflects the editor's scintillant, forceful style. Listen to this dissertation on "Love." Says Editor Elder:

Someone has said, "Love is an itching in the heart that you can't scratch." There is a difference between that and the "house-owning itch." The latter you can scratch with one of our "Home Certificates" until you eradicate it with a cozy new bungalow and have the healthy condition of a home owned and paid for with money you otherwise would have expended on rent.

Here is profound philosophy combined with subtle materialism. But the Home Builder fairly bristles with bon mots fully as effervescent as the one quoted. No wonder Charley Elder is achieving a big success in his chosen field. I hasten to subscribe for twenty copies of the Home Builder, with the usual rebate to the profession, of course.

His Farewell Winter Visit

Henry E. Huntington is in New York to which as a winter resort he will say farewell after this visit. When he returns to Los Angeles, early next year, it will be to remain here permanently, making the eastern visit only spasmodically, and then only in the spring season of the year. Mr. Huntington is a resident and voter in Oneonta, located in the upper Mohawk valley, and, while at home, he will cast his ballot for Charles E. Hughes for governor of the Empire state, and, of course, for William H. Taft for President. Before leaving here, Mr. Huntington made a contribution to the Republican campaign fund in Los Angeles county, as has been his custom for a number of years. W. D. Stephens, of the Business Mens' Taft club, in charge of soliciting money for the Republican national ticket, has, with others of the same organization, collected nearly \$5,000 for the purpose stated. General M. H. Sherman is among those who, it is said, gave generously to the fund. Nathan Cole subscribed \$500 to the Bryan fund.

Clark Copper Affairs

Stockholders of Clark Copper again are uneasy, lest the minority in the corporation is sidetracked in the annual meeting scheduled for early in November. To this time nothing tangible has been accomplished in the matter of placing the company on its feet, and, so far as is known, there is but little prospect of daylight

for those who put their faith in the enterprise about three years ago. The company now has in its treasury about \$70,000, a sum sufficient to pull things around so that those who purchased shares in the original flotation at half a dollar, that now are quoted in open market at about seven cents, may yet be hoisted out of the slough of despond.

"Tuss" Eldridge Slated for Honors

Where politics is discussed, considerable speculation is being indulged in regarding the prospective organization, January 1, of the new board of supervisors. At this time it looks as if "Tuss" Eldridge will succeed Supervisor Charles E. Patterson as chairman of the board. Nothing but a miracle can elect more than a single Democrat, the possible honor falling to Fire Commissioner Anthony Schwamm, if it goes to any member of the Bryan following. Excellent and responsible citizen though he be, Henry J. Woollacott, the Democratic supervisory aspirant, has not more than a thirty per cent. chance in the second district, while in the fourth district, the Republican candidate apparently, will walk in.

Hall of Records

With that probable lineup, the new board will hardly select as its presiding genius Captain Manning, and as Supervisor Eldridge will be the only other holdover, his elevation is nearly a certainty. With Eldridge in the chair, and the prospective new member from the second district also a contractor, things should be doing early next year, when it shall come time for the construction of the proposed hall of records. That bit of pie was about all framed up, in the matter of contracts involved, when the recent Republican county convention put Supervisors Patterson and Wilson down and out. A new alignment will now be made, before the half million dollars, to be distributed in the erection of the proposed, new building space, have been properly expended.

Oscar Lawler's Possible Successor

Announcement of the prospective retirement of Oscar Lawler as United States district attorney, at the expiration of his present term, in about six months, already has started gossip as to his successor. Lawler has won something of a reputation in public life, principally as prosecutor of the Santa Fe in the rebate cases now pending in the higher federal courts against that corporation. If I were asked to guess his successor up in the Tajo building, I should not hesitate to write down the name of C. C. Bowen as among those having a "look-in."

Puter's Broad Charges

News dispatches announce that S. A. Puter, a Portland (Ore.) genius convicted of land frauds and pardoned, after a partial serving of his prison sentence, has presented to President Roosevelt a copy of a volume he and others compiled, which purports to relate in detail the operations of the land robbers who were prosecuted by Francis J. Heney. Several Los Angelans have seen the book in question and surprise is expressed that, to this time, Puter and his co-authors have not been sent to jail for criminal libel.

Will the President Act?

It is a bulky volume, and it mentions by name half a dozen men more than ordinarily prominent in the business and professional life of Southern California. The list includes, in addition to bankers, lawyers, oil operators, and others, several federal officials, including a member of the judiciary. While the alleged facts related are given upon the authority of a former bank cashier, who decamped with about a quarter of a million dollars of trust funds and never has been seen here since, the Portland men who have sent their story out to the world, appear to have acted on the conviction that their charges would be ignored. It is an open question, if President Roosevelt reads the volume in question, what his action in the premises will be.

Wirsching Knows the Ropes

With R. E. Wirsching a member of the grand jury at present investigating conditions in the Los Angeles underworld the inquiry in progress

should be thorough, to say the least. Wirsching probably is exceptionally well informed on the subject in question, having once been a Los Angeles police commissioner. It was in the municipal administration of former mayor Frank Rader, who died about eight years ago, that charges of graft such as are at present floating into and out of the city hall were common gossip, and, while a sort of inquiry was undertaken, the inquisition was allowed to die out, as probably will be the result in the present instance.

Previous Inquisitions that Failed

Which recalls that M. P. Snyder, former mayor and at present out of politics and in banking, also was once a member of the police board. And in his incumbency of the latter position there also was a graft inquisition. Enough fire was uncovered at that time to prove the truth of the stories that were in circulation, but the agitation then, as before, bore no tangible results. Colonel Thomas A. Lewis, another former police board member, might add a few chapters of interest, were he inclined to talk. All of which proves, if it is of value at all, that while no one who knows will doubt the good intentions of "Tom" Woolwine, a few who are in a position to pry open the lid are more than skeptical of the outcome in regard to the inquiry said to be in progress at present under the supervision of the district attorney's office.

Shriners Planning Ocean Trip

Al Malaikah temple is making a preliminary canvass in the matter of going abroad to England as a body when Fred Hines shall have been promoted to the head of the order, in about three years. It is planned to initiate a shrine in London soon after, and if the idea that is under way is approved by those most interested a ship will be chartered and the trip in view will be made in state. It is expected that at least a thousand nobles will sail across, with several hundred members of other shrines in the party as Al Malaikah's guests. King Edward and perhaps Emperor William of Germany will be invited to become affiliated with the new English organization, which is to be the first of others to be formed throughout Europe. Think of the advertisement there will be in such a trip for Los Angeles and Southern California!

Sheldon Borden is Missed

Sheldon Borden has been missed from his accustomed haunts of late, and inquiry develops the information that the able lawyer has opened an office in San Francisco, having been appointed attorney in charge of a large estate of which his brother is administrator. This does not mean that Sheldon has forsaken Los Angeles; he still retains his offices here, and runs down twice a month, but for the present his duties compel him to stick close to San Francisco. He is missed most at the Monday night dinners of the Scribes, where the free expression of opinions held by the members is a feature of the gatherings.

Gathering of the Scribes

This unique organization has been in existence for upward of ten years. The membership consists of a dramatic critic of great ability, a doctor-poet, two or three scientists, a newspaper editor, two editorial writers of acumen, a physician prominent in reform measures, a civil service official whose pen work in the past has been notable, a state senator, a member of the board of education, and a lecturer. Their discussions around the dinner table at famous No. 6, Levy's, every Monday night are punctuated with much earnestness and conviction. Seldom do two of the speakers agree on any one topic, and the variety of opinion offered and shades of interpretation on a moot question combine to make each session a lively one. To be privileged to hang my hat on a peg at the limited Scribes' gatherings is one not lightly held.

"Silver Dick's" Real Status

There was no reason for making it appear that A. D. Warner, lawyer and Democratic Demosthenes, who remained one night last week under lock and key, because of a few unwarranted pen scratches, wrote the plank in the Bryan platform covering the guarantee of bank deposits. A story to this effect was published a few days ago, but it was a romance manufactured out of whole cloth. Warner was in attendance upon

the Democratic national convention held in Denver, but as a spectator only. At one time, before he came to Los Angeles, he was a member of the lower house of the state of Washington legislature. It might have been better for all concerned, had he not been taken so seriously as has been the case down here recently. Incidentally, Warner allied himself with the Republican organization when he first concluded to make this city his home, his debut in local politics having taken place a few years ago in a speech before the Republican league, that almost raised the roof of what had been the central police station, late in the eighties, on Second street, where the league in the last presidential campaign had its headquarters.

Georgina Jones' Literary Talent

Talented Georgina Jones of Miramar, Santa Monica, daughter of Senator and Mrs. J. P. Jones, has just finished the book and lyrics of a light opera, which, I am told, is bubbling over with pointed satire and scintillant lines. The music is to be written by a New York composer with whom the manuscript now rests. I understand the Shuberts have expressed a desire to have first chance at its production when the music is completed. Miss Jones is thoroughly artistic in her tastes and temperament. Her clever aphorisms and witty bits in "The Fusers" are gems of literary badinage. The little book has met with a warm welcome in the east, and is now in its third edition. Her sister, Mrs. Robert Farquhar, is equally brilliant and artistic. In addition to a fine musical education, she has a rare gift for painting, and, besides, is accounted one of the best amateur tennis players in the west. Mrs. J. P. Jones is an accomplished French scholar, whose fame as a hostess was widely known in the days when Senator Jones represented Nevada at Washington. Her home at Miramar has been the rendezvous for many of the best known men and women of the country in their Southern California sojournings.

Warm Welcome for Governor

Unless those in charge of the program fall down, Governor Gillett will have an enthusiastic reception when he speaks in Los Angeles the last week of the presidential campaign. The attempt to whack William H. Taft across the governor's back has not proved popular, and it is certain the executive will have a hearty welcome when he speaks in Simpson auditorium.

Pioneer in Oil Discovery

I am reminded by a valued correspondent, that while E. L. Doheny may claim and undoubtedly is entitled to credit for having been the first to uncover the petroleum deposits inside the city of Los Angeles, that the original discovery that such wealth was to be had for its seeking in local territory, was made by a man named Chandler, at one time a member of the Los Angeles city council, who was the pioneer oil operator in the Whittier field. Mr. Chandler is said to be still hale and hearty, a resident of this city, well-to-do, and all that he should be as a citizen and a taxpayer. His colleagues in the city council were, among others, former Mayor W. H. Workman, and John F. Humphrys, father of former deputy postmaster and present Park Commissioner Humphreys.

Senator Bulla's Experience

In writing of the Whittier oil production I am reminded of another sturdy citizen, Robert N. Bulla, who since he cut loose from active politics, has achieved great success in his investments. Senator Bulla it will be recalled, once received as many as thirty-three votes, I think it was, for United States senator, when it required sixty-one to elect. It never spoilt him to be so near and yet so far, but his experience in that campaign, undoubtedly had considerable to do with bringing him to a realization of the fact that the game of politics, while strenuous at times, and entertaining at others, seldom is profitable materially, especially where the victim of its glamour is bent upon conferring real benefit to the people.

Possible Banking Law Amendments

If the next legislature really amends the banking laws so that depositors secure more protection than is accorded them at present, in certain of the state's financial institutions, the people will have cause to commend the members of Governor Gillett's special committee that has the subject in hand. Those of us who know the ways of

legislators and the utter impossibility, at times, to secure relief when the two houses are in session, are a bit skeptical that the present agitation will amount to anything tangible.

Mess Made by Pardee

How many recall the banking mess for which Governor Pardee was responsible? In order to put out of office a Gage appointee, and thus secure his job for one of his own particular retainers, Gov. Pardee had the act creating the bank commission repealed in its entirety. Then, to prove that the object was just a shade worse than had been alleged publicly, Pardee had a new law introduced giving him the appointment of four instead of three bank commissioners. The salaries were increased and at once the trouble began.

Room for Improvement

In the interim between the life of the Gage bank commission, and the appointment of the Pardee clansmen, there was no law governing banks, of the state variety at all, and charters then secured having been declared legal by the courts, they have been doing duty in several places, and under no legal supervision. That has created scores of irresponsible banks, of course. If the proposed banking law changes will remedy this defect, a *Te Deum* will be in order. In such a subject, however, with laymen at the helm, it is doubtful if anything worth while will be produced at Sacramento next winter. Meantime, it has been repeatedly charged and it is seldom denied with anything like success, that California is not among the list of states whose banking acts are of the best.

Judge Parker Headed this Way

Letters have been received here signed, Alton B. Parker, in which the Democratic presidential aspirant in 1904 informs his correspondent in all seriousness of his intention to remove from New York to Southern California, in order that his declining years may be passed near Los Angeles. Judge Parker says that while his proposed change of residence may not take place this year or next, sooner or later he will move out this way from New York, bag and baggage, in order to live among us for keeps. He writes that this is the loveliest section in America, according to his notion, where the ideal residence may be provided, and in a few years at the most, he intends to prove this statement to his own satisfaction beyond the shadow of a doubt.

No Strings on Professors

Prof. Lorin A. Hadley, of Occidental college, was speaker at the Democratic wigwam on Hill street, Tuesday night, his subject being "Why I Intend to Vote for Bryan," read a three-line item in an evening paper this week. Who says our colleges are not liberal? Among the trustees of Occidental is Frank P. Flint, Republican United States senator from California.

Markham Responsible for Perkins

Former Governor H. H. Markham limping along with a stick, was in Los Angeles from Pasadena, Tuesday, and while he has nearly recovered from an accident that overtook him about two years ago in the city of Washington, the former chief executive of California, who is responsible for George C. Perkins as United States senator, is not so erect in his walk as when he was a familiar figure in the Los Angeles financial district. Gov. Markham was elected in 1890, after he had served in what then was the Sixth California district in congress. It was in his administration that the Debs rebellion occurred, and it was to Daniel M. Burns then state Republican leader that Governor Markham owed his nomination. For several years he has been a federal trustee of the Soldiers' Home. His home place in Pasadena is one of the show residences of the Crown City.

Dr. Guy Cochran's Outing

Dr. Guy Cochran is back from his delightful touring party with Mr. and Mrs. William Garland and Mrs. Cochran, feeling much benefited by the glorious outing. Starting from Buffalo, they crossed over into Canada by way of Niagara, proceeded to Toronto by easy stages, thence to Montreal and Quebec. Leaving the car for a time, they took the river trip to the Saguenay, then returned to Quebec where they boarded the tonneau and made the run into Maine, then down

into New Hampshire and the Berkshire hills, winding up in New York. Here Dr. and Mrs. Cochran left their host and hostess to return to Los Angeles, whither Mr. and Mrs. Garland will follow in about two weeks.

Adventure at St. Anne's

One amusing but rather startling experience marked the flight of the touring car through Canada. It was at a point near the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers, where the Island of St. Anne's, a strip of territory five miles in length, connects with the main land by two ferries. Mr. Garland's "dope" book showed that the fare at the first ferry was one dollar. It was dusk when they reached the crossing, and the habitant boatmen spoke a patois that defied Mrs. Cochran's excellent knowledge of French. Their ferry was a narrow, flimsy affair that appeared as if it would sink under the weight of the car. But it was that or nothing, and, with their hearts in their mouths, the women of the party were ferried across.

Held Up by Pirates

Arrived at the island, Mr. Garland tendered the regulation fare, one dollar, in settlement. A storm of protest greeted his offer and a demand made for five times the amount. Realizing it was a hold-up, the president of the California club declined to be robbed, and, placing the dollar on a rock, directed his chauffeur to crank up. At this, a black-bearded little pirate started to throw the chain of the ferry boat around the rear tire to hold them fast. Simultaneously, five other buccaneers assumed threatening attitudes, and insisted, in violent gibberish, on having their fee. For answer "Billy" Garland picked up a huge rock, and, advancing on the bearded pirate, showed that he meant to inflict bodily injury on the fellow unless he dropped the chain.

Pelted With Rocks

It was a good bluff, and it worked. The pirates fell back for a conference, and in a trice the machine moved off. But the road was choked with huge boulders, and the pace was necessarily slow. Presently, the sound of running footsteps was heard, and a rock whizzed past.

"Keep your heads in, girls," warned Garland; "there's trouble brewing."

They heeded the admonition just in time, as a storm of stones struck the tonneau. But the road improved, and in a little while the brickbats were left behind. As the island is only five miles across, there was great anxiety to get to the other ferry before the pursuing party caught up.

Race Across the Island

It was pitch dark when they hallooed for the boatmen, and all ears were strained for sounds of those left in the rear. It seemed an age before the ferry glided in shore, and quick time was made in loading. Not until the barge was in mid-stream did the women heave sighs of relief and begin to laugh over the adventure. The fare paid at the second ferry, one dollar, was accepted without a murmur. It was the regulation charge at both ferries, declared the keeper. A man with weaker backbone than Billy Garland would have submitted to the imposition and rendered the robbers still more rapacious next time. But it was an uncomfortable half hour, just the same.

The Storm

Wind of the world and swirling rain,
Roar of the sea in its dreadful night,
Black of the mist and the ribboned road,
Winding its way through the veil of night.

Cry of the buoy on the tossing waves,
Scream of the blast as it surges high,
Dash of the spray on the hanging cliff,
Whirring of wings as the gulls swoop by.

Hush of the storm for a breathless space,
Gray of the light as it flickers down,
Leer of the rocks as the waves steal out,
Baring the grim sand's mocking frown.

Lance of the lightning athwart the sky,
Crash of the waves as the winds rejoice,
Peal of the element's battle cry,
Threatening shriek of the thunder's voice.

Break of the dawn through the somber clouds,
Laugh of the waves in the morning sun,
Calm takes the sea in her tender arms,
Night and the passion-tossed storm are done.

—CAROLINE REYNOLDS.

REVOLT OF JUAN FLORES

From Major Horace Bell's "Reminiscences"

In the story of the escape from San Quentin of Juan Flores and his raising of the standard of revolt for the purpose of driving out the gringos from Southern California Major Horace Bell presents a most dramatic chapter in the early history of Los Angeles. Mr. Workman and one or two others who participated in the pursuit and hanging of the renegades are still living in this city. The handsome young Captain Mott mentioned, who died four years ago, is survived by his widow, a daughter, and four sons, all worthy descendants of their brave and handsome father.—Editor of The Graphic.]

In May, '55, Myron Norton, then judge of the court of sessions of Los Angeles county, sent three of our gentle angels into a forced retirement at hard labor and harder fare in our state asylum for thieves and other malefactors. The first of this trio was a red-headed gringo named Welch. Juan Gonzales, who had the year previous acted the part of hangman in the execution of the lamented Dave Brown was the second, and Juan Flores was the third, and apparently the most insignificant, but, as the sequel will show, the most important personage who ever represented our angel population in the halls of state at San Quentin. All three were sent up for the unromantic crime of horse stealing. Juan Flores was a dark complexioned fellow of medium height, slim, lithe and graceful, a most beautiful figure in the fandango or on horseback, and about twenty-two years old. There was nothing peculiar about Juan, except his tiger-like walk—always seeming to be in the very act of springing upon his prey. His eyes, neither black, grey, nor blue, greatly resembling those of the owl—always moving, watchful and wary, and the most cruel and vindictive-looking eyes I ever saw.

These gentlemen from Los Angeles not relishing the boiled sturgeon and other fish diet with which the lessees of the prison fed their guests, and the brickyard having no charms for them, after a few months of service, with a hundred or two others made a break for liberty, were recaptured and subjected to a prison discipline and surveillance that rendered any future escape a moral impossibility. However, those ever watchful eyes of Juan only waited for half a chance to make another effort, and in October, '56, an opportunity was seized which, to Juan, proved successful, though many of his comrades were slaughtered, more of them retaken, while a few of the more determined escaped. A few days prior to this, the most desperate of all breaks from San Quentin was made, a notorious desperado from Shasta was lodged within the walls of this celebrated prison whose name, if known to the prison officers, was never used to designate him, but, calling himself the "Red Horse," was so known to his fellows. Jim Webster, however, was his true name. A brig was loading with brick at the prison wharf. The gangs of convicts who were engaged in the work, on reaching the brickyard outside the walls early one morning, were raised to fury by the startling cry of, "Who dare follow the Red Horse? Onward, boys, for the brig and liberty!"

Then was heard in response a terrific yell, the rattling of chains and firing of guns, as the crowd of chained demons rushed down the wharf and on board the brig. The guards, who were at hand, opened fire on them with their rifles and revolvers, and several were killed. Juan Flores was the first to follow the "Red Horse," and his wild carajo urged his countrymen on to death and liberty. The melee was awful. The captain and crew of the brig were driven below, and the guards on board disarmed and tumbled overboard. Overlooking the wharf was a promontory, on which was stationed a battery of one six-pounder field-piece and one twelve-pounder howitzer. The convicts, on boarding the brig, cast off her moorings, swung her to the outgoing tide, when lo! a shower of cannister was poured into them at a distance less than seventy yards, and the riflemen on the wharf shot them down like dogs.

In spite of all this slaughter "Red Horse," commanding those who spoke English, and Juan, yelling his orders in the shrill language of Mexico, succeeded in setting the sails of the brig, and the wind being favorable, sailed beyond the reach of grape, cannister and rifle ball. Those who were not killed, or who had not jumped overboard and were drowned, or who reached the wharf and surrendered, succeeded in crossing the bay to Contra Costa and escaped, Juan Flores and Pancho Daniel being of the number. Two weeks later Juan and Pancho were at San Luis

Obispo with a party of fifteen or twenty followers and made known their intent to go to Los Angeles, raise the standard of revolt and rid the country of the hated gringos. At San Luis they met Andres Fontes, who had served out a two years' term in the penitentiary, and who joined them on condition that they would help him to murder Jim Barton, sheriff of Los Angeles county, whom Andres claimed had unjustly accused and sent him to the penitentiary.

This Andres Fontes was a native California boy and when sent to the penitentiary was only about eighteen years old. When taken from the Los Angeles jail he threatened the sheriff with future assassination. There had been a difficulty between Andres and Barton about to this effect: Barton was living with an Indian woman, who, for alleged ill treatment, left him and went to a family residing on the east side of the river. The sheriff went for her and on her refusal to go with him, violently seized and was dragging her away, when Andres happened to be riding along the road, interposed in favor of the woman, and Barton was constrained to desist. A day or two later, Andres, at the instance of the sheriff, was arrested on a charge of felony and was convicted and sent to San Quentin, hence his desire to murder Sheriff Barton, and the cause that induced him to join the embryo revolution under Juan Flores.

In due course of time the party, with augmented numbers, arrived at Los Angeles, and dispersing around town, had a good time of it for a few days, and then, numbering fifty, departed for San Juan Capistrano, sixty miles toward San Diego. Arriving there, Juan raised the standard of revolt, dispatched couriers to notify the rancheros and invite them to his standard. Judging the temper of his countrymen by his own, he felt sure of a general uprising. Never was there a more fatal mistake. The native Californians, it is true, raised, not to assist in a hair-brained insurrection, but to put it down, and to punish the insurgents.

The first thing Juan did after dispatching his couriers was to raise the sinews of war. He first called on Juan Foster, who shelled out. Then he went from one gringo to another, until a German was found who refused to pay. He was, in conformity with the rules of the revolution, taken to the plaza and shot. Juan then dispatched a false messenger to inform Sheriff Barton of the disturbance, and to mislead him, in order that he might be led into a trap and murdered, and thus the compact with Fontes would be made good. On the reception of the information falsely given as to the disturbance, Barton called for a few volunteers to go with him to San Juan. Cyrus Lyon inquired as to the number of men he proposed taking, and on being informed that ten would be enough, refused to go.

Cy Lyon was one of our most efficient rangers, and was better informed as to the magnitude of the danger than any other person, and told Barton that if he went with a less number than fifty or sixty men, it would be at the peril of being cut off and slaughtered. Accompanied by only twelve men, Barton set out for the scene of disturbance, and arrived at San Joaquin ranch, within eighteen miles of San Juan. Here Don Jose Sepulveda warned him of his danger, and urged him to go no farther, but to send back to Los Angeles for more men, and await their coming. An old Frenchman, the ranch cook, assured Barton that a trap was set for him; also that a party of the robbers, double the number of the Sheriff's party, had just been at the ranch.

With all these admonitions of danger the sheriff and his little party took up their line of march for San Juan. They had proceeded but a short distance when a man rode out of the tall mustard, fired at them, and galloped away up the road, pursued helter-skelter by the gringos, who, one at a time, ran into an ambush and were shot down.

It so happened that Frank Alexander and Calvin Hardy were a little distance behind the main body, and as they galloped up saw the situation in time, wheeled their horses in the road and fled in the direction of Los Angeles, being pursued by members of the gang all the way to the Santa Ana river. With the exception of those two the party was massacred. Barton fired his double-barrelled gun without effect, fell from his horse and was riddled with bullets as he lay on the ground, still, however, discharging the six shots from his revolver without effect. In fact, not a man of the insurgent band was either killed or wounded. When Barton had

fired his last shot, Andres Fontes approached, and deliberately aiming, shot him through the head. As he aimed, Barton raised himself on one elbow, hurled his empty revolver at the assassin, and was at the same moment shot dead. Thus ended the massacre.

Taking the arms, equipments and horses of the murdered gringos, the murderers returned to San Juan in triumph. When the news reached Los Angeles, it produced a most profound sensation. Gringos held their breath in the intensity of their alarm. Brave men looked at each other in blank terror and asked, "Where will this end?" There was some fear as to how the native Californians, the Spaniards, would act in the matter. This was soon settled by General Andres Pico and Don Thomas Sanchez calling for volunteers to put down the disturbance and punish the assassins. In a day they had a large force, and were ready to take the field. Meantime, the gringos coming in from all parts of the country organized into companies, and the board of supervisors of the county having appointed Jim Thompson to the vacant office of sheriff, he assuming command, the little army took up its line of march to the seat of war. On the advance nearing San Juan, the insurgents, in good order, and with pack mules carrying supplies, retired to the mountains and were not found till the afternoon of the day following, when, through the aid of Don Jose Sepulveda, they were tracked to an impregnable position in the Santiago canyon.

The insurgents were insolent and defiant. Firing and skirmishing took place without effect, when it was determined to surround, settle down and besiege the position, which before nightfall was successfully done. Flores now seeing that the tables were turned, and that he himself had fallen into a trap, resolved to lose no time in escaping therefrom, and at an early hour in the night made the attempt, with only partial success, himself and his lieutenant falling into the hands of the gringos, and fifteen or twenty of his men being captured by the vigilant Pico. Flores and Pancho Daniel owed their capture to the fact that, in the darkness, they rode over a precipice, and rolled and tumbled down, down, down, with a great clatter, and finally landed in a gringo camp at the bottom. The remainder of the band escaped, for the time.

The capture of the two leaders produced great joy and satisfaction, and the company from El Monte claimed the right to guard the prisoners, which they were permitted to do. Flores and his lieutenant were secured by tying their arms behind their backs, and disposing of them in the midst of sleeping Monte gringos, who, after reposting their sentries, resigned themselves to slumber. Morning came, and with it an intense excitement. The two birds had flown. The horses belonging to the now crestfallen Monte gringos were missing. When they had fallen into camp, as it were, from the skies, the surprise was great, but now it was greater, and failing to find an aperture in the earth through which they might have continued their downward descent, and not finding the two horses missing, as aforesaid, the Monte gringos concluded that their two captives had in a mysterious manner outwitted them, and vamoosed the ranch. (It was afterwards ascertained that the two prisoners had worked their backs together, and one had untied the other, and they thus escaped.)

Dispositions were now made for a vindictive pursuit. Thomas D. Mott, a handsome, quiet young fellow, who had, up to this time, stood modestly in the background, was in command of one of the companies, and was ordered to proceed in all haste to San Buenaventura, raise the people, watch the roads, and make sure that none escaped in that direction. Others were dispatched in the direction of San Diego, the Cajon and San Geronimo passes, as well as the San Fernando pass. Captain Stanley, who had succeeded Captain Hope, was in the saddle with his rangers, and the military at Jurupa and Tejon were notified. These dispositions made to guard the passes, and to reach them required hard riding and fatigue, it being from the locus in quo to San Buenaventura full one hundred and twenty miles, to San Fernando seventy-five miles, and to other places not so far, and the main body was being disposed to scour the mountains and plains.

Prying gringo eyes now discovered that, notwithstanding General Pico with his followers were present, the prisoners taken by him on the previous night were not visible, and upon inquiry Don Andres said he had "confessed" them. Doubt being expressed as to how they might

have been disposed of, Don Andres spoke to a weather-beaten, bronzed hero who galloped off up the canyon, and soon returned wearing pendant from his burly neck, shot-pouch fashion, a most beautiful necklace made of human ears strung on a raw-hide string, these trophies being conclusive evidence that if the former owners thereof had not been "confessed," then certainly they had been otherwise piously disposed of. This being satisfactory, operations were resumed, and scouring the country begun. Tom Mott rode rapidly to San Buenaventura and arrived just in time to fall in with a party of the insurgents, and the first notice given the good people of the quiet mission village was the rattle of revolvers as the two hostile parties at early dawn met in the street. The robbers fled to a vineyard; some were shot down and others captured, and by the time the citizens were astir the affair was over. Espinosa, one of the leaders, was captured. Informing the citizens of the gravity of the situation, Mott delivered his prisoners to them for safe keeping, and hurried back to the Simi pass to take position and endeavor to intercept others, and to dispatch a courier to Captain Thompson. By this time, however, it had been ascertained that the whole force of the insurgents, in broken bands, were working their way north, and most fortunately Tom Mott had got ahead of all of them.

This was the strangest circumstance in the uprising, that in breaking up they should have gone north, when it was only an easy day's ride, for men hard pressed, from the Santiago canyon to the Mexican line in Lower California. Before nightfall on the day Captain Mott struck the advance of the flying bandits, a large force guarded the passes going north. The San Fernando, the Santa Susana, the Simi and Conejo were filled with armed men, with intervening cordons that rendered escape in that direction next to impossible, while the plains and foothills were scoured in such manner that gave the fugitives no time for rest. The result of these masterly movements was that in parties of fives, tens and twenties the bandits blindly rode into the traps so adroitly set for them and were all captured, including Juan Flores and Pancho Daniel. Andres Fontes having accomplished his purpose, severed his connection with the band before they left San Juan, and with several of the horses and other spoils taken from Barton and his men, hurried away to Lower California, and from him much information concerning the Flores insurrection was thereafter obtained. He, however, soon met his fate at the hands of the notorious Solomon Pico, of Lower California revolutionary fame, by whom he was shot. He was undoubtedly the last of the Juan Flores gang.

Since the death of Murietta, Vulvia, Senati and Vergara, and the imprisonment of the monster Moreno, our southern country had enjoyed a two years' immunity from blood and rapine, and in this instance the country rose as a man. Spaniard and gringo rode stirrup to stirrup, determined to make such an example and to mete out such retribution as would be a terrible warning to all future disturbers of the peace of our angel land. When the last man of the insurgent band had been hunted down and killed or captured, Tom Mott returned to San Buenaventura to get his prisoners, and found that, a la Pico, they had been "confessed." A large number had also been "confessed" at San Gabriel, and, in fact, in other parts of the country. And now we will drop the curtain on this bloody episode in our sanguinary history.

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

Marie Corelli's "Holy Orders" Rests the Critical Faculty—Other Books

Confession is so notably good for souls, it must include reviewers, so it is well to begin by saying that out of the pile of books upon the table, "Holy Orders," by Marie Corelli, was chosen for the express and single purpose of resting the critical faculty, just as you rest an aching muscle by not using it.

At first thought a reviewer might shut his eyes and write "balderdash," "tummyrot," "absurd emotionalism," "easy money," interspersed by a few scattered platitudes to fill space, but at page thirteen this begins:

At this juncture the door of his study was gently pushed open, and a lovely face peered in at him.

"Are you very busy, Dick?" asked a coaxing voice, sweet as honey, "or may I come in just one minute?"

He threw down his pen, and sprang up from his chair with a quick sigh of relief.

"One minute isn't long enough!" he declared, going to meet his wife as she entered, and taking her in his arms.

"Come and stay half an hour! I want you, Azalea; I want you, badly!"

Here he looked down into her tender eyes. "I want a kiss, too,"—and he suited the action to the word—"I've had a touch of the blues."

"Oh, poor boy!" and Azalea put up a little white hand and stroked his cheek caressingly. "You mustn't! It's the weather, I'm sure it's the weather. And it's all horrid, but, Dick, you'll have to go out in the rain, I'm afraid! There's been a very bad fight in the village, and that dreadful man, Kiernan, has nearly killed his wife! Isn't it awful!"

She smiled angelically, and her eyes twinkled with a kind of sparkle, whether of tears or laughter, it would have been hard to say.

He loosened her from his clasp, and his face grew pale and stern.

"Kiernan again!" he said. "I must go at once, Azalea. He is a dangerous customer."

She looked at him questioningly, as he hastily swept his letters and papers together.

"Were you writing your sermon, darling?" she inquired.

"No, that is, I was trying to think about it, but, really, I'm afraid my brain isn't as clear as it might be. I am not quite sure what I ought to say sometimes—and I feel anxious about it—almost as if I were not altogether doing my duty."

"Oh, Dick!" And Azalea looked reproachfully amazed. "How can you say such a thing! Your sermons are simply bee-autiful! Perfectly lovely! You know they are!"

He took her pretty face between his two hands and kissed it again.

Etc., etc., and then suddenly, instead of reviewing a new book, memory lifts its wings and away you go back to sixteen, or thereabouts, in an orchard, in the spring time, after school. You are full length in fragrant grass, lost to the world in the pages of St. Elmo! Who ever asked whether he had any likeness to flesh and blood, or noticed the high flown sonorous periods in which were described this world-weary woman hater?

Will you ever forget the breathless moment when the heroine, who is to restore to the hero his faith, stands before the locked cabinet, which she has been told not to open. The hero has returned from a remote corner of the earth and is secretly watching the girl. Was he concealed behind a marble pillar, or a handsomely carved chest, or a suit of armor? Memory fails in the detail, it is a long road to sixteen! Anyway, he wears a sardonic smile on his handsome face as he watches the girl fit the key in the lock, as he supposes, to open the box.

"Faithless, like all the rest" he murmurs, hopelessly wringing your heart with pity. But did she turn the key? Not at all, she only wished to dislodge a spider which was making a comfortable seat for himself!

Miss Corelli's hero is a preacher who takes his Holy Orders seriously; her villain is a villainess, beautiful, heartless—quite heartless; she rises from the position of the bad girl of a country village, to ornamenting the highest circles of society. But there! it is wholly useless to analyze a book that is supposed to run the gamut of human emotions.

Marie Corelli is the adopted daughter of Dr. Charles Mackay, the English poet-journalist; but she is the direct

descendant, intellectually of Augusta Evans and Mary Jane Holmes. If you are sixteen, go to your favorite book store, and get "Holy Orders," there will be those who will envy you the pleasure you will find in it. ("Holy Orders." By Marie Corelli, F. A. Stokes Co.—C. C. Parker.) M. H. C.

"Last Voyage of the Donna Isabella"

Mr. Parrish has quite a list of novels to his credit for a comparatively new writer, the latest of which, "The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabella," is a thrilling romance of the sea. It leaps into the story from the first paragraph, in the good Stevensonian way, and has vim and originality of plot. A sailor-miner loses favor with the Chilean government, but finds himself in Valparaiso and unable to leave without being discovered by the authorities. He is approached by the admiral of the Peruvian navy to lead an expedition to steal a battleship from the Chilean harbor and run away with it, thus extricating himself at the same time he serves Peru, at war with Chile. After he is safely at sea, out of reach of pursuit, he discovers that he has been the victim of a plot, that instead of a warship, he has stolen a private yacht belonging to an English lord, whose wife is on board; that he has been chosen because of his knowledge of navigation to take a party of adventures to the south seas after treasure, which has been discovered from old documents. The voyage is the real story with a love episode running through it, and plenty of adventure. A nice swashbuckling tale to appease the universal hunger of all sorts of readers. Illustrations in full color, by Allen T. True, add to the attractiveness of the book. ("The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabella—A Romance of the Sea." By Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

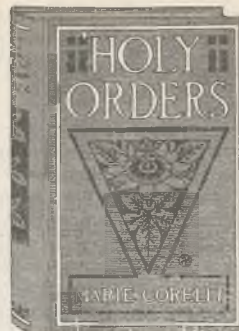
"Colonel Greatheart"

With Cromwell and his time for a background, there is ample chance for a good historical novel in the contrast between the sober Puritans and the gay court fops. H. C. Bailey in "Colonel Greatheart" has not done much to improve the opportunity, for the book is little more than a disconnected series of sketches with scarcely a thread of plot to hold them together, and that little not particularly absorbing. Lucinda Weston, the woman of the story, is but feebly drawn, and one is thoroughly wearied of the tale long before the end of its five hundred pages is reached. ("Colonel Greatheart." By H. C. Bailey. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"Bahama Bill"

Sea stories, dealing principally with that part of the nautical world known as Key West and the Great Bahama bank, a zone greatly affected by the wreckers of Florida Reef, and in all of which Bahama Bill, mate of the wrecking sloop, Sea-Horse, figures to a greater or lesser degree, form the contents of T. Jenkins Hains' book, "Bahama Bill." Bill was a giant negro of the Keys; young, powerful, and the best diver on the Reef. His chest measured forty-eight inches in circumference over his lean pectoral muscles, and he often bent iron bars of one-half inch to show the set of his vice-like grip. He would remain under four fathoms of water for at least three and a half minutes; once he stayed under fifteen minutes and survived. How he did it constitutes one of the most dramatic stories in the collection, "Beneath the Bulldog's Bilge."

Showing a remarkable technical knowledge of things nautical and an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the wreckers of Florida Reef, the author has produced sixteen intensely interesting tales, depicting phases of life in that sea region. While they are realistic and vivid, in the main they are depressing and repellant, dealing, as they do, with the trickeries and treacheries of the wreckers and the tragedies of the Atlantic. The saddest story of all is "The Survivor." The one with the grimmest humor, "Shanghaiing the Tong." All are full of action, revealing the author's strong dramatic instincts. Mr. Hains, by the way, is face to face with a story from real life just now, as co-defendant in a recent capital crime in which his brother was principal. ("Bahama Bill." By T. Jenkins Hains. L. C. Page & Co.)



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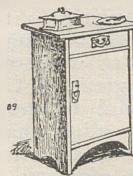
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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

By Blanche Rogers Lott

Nowland-Hunter trio should be gratified with the good attendance at its first chamber concert Monday evening. That the audience was satisfied was shown by its enthusiasm. The trio is well balanced and plays with good tone and sincere interpretation. The ensemble would have been improved had the top of the piano been down, as the tones of the stringed instruments were absorbed by the vibrating strings of the piano. This was especially noticeable in the first movement of the Mendelssohn trio. The Andante movement lacked repose and breadth, but the difficult scherzo was splendidly done as was the more difficult finale. Only a pianist can really appreciate the intricacy of this piano score. The Gade Novelette Op. 29, was beautifully given throughout. Mr. Nowland and Mr. Hunter played the G Minor Sonata by Grieg, extremely well. This was given in place of the Brockway sonata, which will appear on a later program. Los Angeles is fortunate in having three such sane, well-trained Americans to help build up the musical side of her. Monday evening is an inconvenient one for our esteemed critics on the daily papers, for their duties are legion on the opening night of the week, and it is really a pity, for such a concert should be reviewed. The city is rapidly filling up with new residents, whose only means of becoming acquainted with the musical events, is through the press. Not only for the good of the musicians themselves who are worthy, but for the good of the city should attention be paid such noble efforts.

Denver is making great headway in musical affairs. The conductor of the Denver symphony orchestra, Raffaello Cavallo, and several public-spirited citizens are realizing that their striving has not been in vain, as their orchestra is to be made a permanent organization. They are to give one public rehearsal, an evening concert and a popular-priced, weekly, Sunday-afternoon concert for the season of sixteen weeks. They think this plan will make the orchestra self-sustaining, but a fund is to be raised in case of deficits.

For Wenzel Kopta's violin recital Thursday evening, Oct. 22 at Simpson auditorium the program is as follows: "Suite," Sinding; Song, "Lend Me Thine Aid," Saint Saens; Mrs. Nuncie Sabini Bittmann; Violin Solos (a) "Romance," Saint Saens, (b) "Zephyr," Hubay, (c) "Slavisch Dance," Dvorak, (d) "Ekloge," Nesvera, (e) "Polonaise," Laub; "Andante con variazione" (from Kreutzer Sonata) Beethoven, Mrs. M. Hennion Robinson and Mr. Kopta; song, "King Duncan's Daughters," Altsen, Mrs. Bittman; "Second Concerto," Paganini.

"A symphonic orchestra shows the culture of a community, not opera. The man who does not know Shakespeare is to be pitied, and the man who does not understand Beethoven, and has not been under his spell, has not half lived his life." "Throughout my life my aim has been to make good music popular, and it now appears that I have only done the public justice in believing, and acting constantly on the belief, that the people would enjoy and support the best in art when continually set before them in a clear, intelligent manner."

These are the words of Theodore Thomas, who, had he lived, would have been 73 years old last Sunday, October 11. May Americans never form music in the United States.

Caruso made a visit to Frankfurt and Wiesbaden recently singing "La Boheme," "Pagliacci" and "Rigoletto." At both opera houses the seats usually selling for 8 marks (\$1.92) were sold out for 25 marks (\$6.00.) It was the same thing in Leipzig last year. Haven't we heard something about the prices charged in California to hear the great celebrities? Before us is the front page of the "London Daily Telegraph," on which the concerts for the first week in October are announced.

Carreno tickets, seven shillings and six pence (\$1.80.) Mr. Behymer sold the best seats for her last season's concert at \$2.00. Harold Bauer recital tickets are advertised at ten shillings and six pence (\$2.52,) fifty cents more than was paid here last spring. The London symphony orchestra directors announce twelve concerts, the series tickets to be 3 pounds and 10 shillings (\$16.80,) the cheapest unreserved seat one shilling (24 cents.) Our series by the symphony orchestra consists of six concerts for \$5.00, the cheapest seats 25 cents. With the wonderful attractions of the philharmonic course this year, namely Hartmann, Nordica, Galski, Constantino, Lhevinne and Bispham, it is possible to hear such world-renowned artists for less money and under better conditions than in Europe. We are all too prone to think of the good old days "back east" or in Europe and overlook the advantages right at hand.

It is to be hoped that Pasadenaans appreciate the efforts of Alice Coleman in providing them with a series of high-class concerts. For several years Miss Coleman has faithfully given them a great variety of programs and last season her concerts were better than ever from an artistic standpoint, but with a pecuniary loss to her. However, she will "try, try again" and has engaged the Krauss quartette again to assist her in a series for this season. Miss Coleman gained much in her year or more in Europe where she studied with Scharwenka and Harold Bauer.

The many friends of Miss Edith Haines, who was formerly a prominent pianist in Los Angeles, will be glad to hear of her marriage to Eugene von Zaerest Kuester of New York. Last season Miss Haines did notable concert work, coming as far West as Denver. As her husband also is a cultured musician, she will continue her musical work.

First Presbyterian church of Pasadena has engaged Mrs. Willis Tiffany for soprano in its splendid choir. Mrs. Tiffany is a musicianly singer with an unusually fine voice.

The musical world and those interested in music owe much to George P. Upton. No writer has been in closer touch with the great artists for half a century. Just out this month is the most interesting of his books, "Musical Memories," covering the years from 1850 to 1900 and published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Singers will find the best description of Jenny Lind as a singer, artist and woman we have ever read. Every artist who has been prominent before the American public is mentioned in this charming book. There is an intimate, yet dignified, style throughout, and often a bit of quiet wit or ludicrous anecdote. Speaking of Ole Bull, he writes:

We certainly recommend this as one of the most entertaining and instructive books, and one which should appeal to all interested in the history of music in America.

As Emma Nevada, the famous singer, has many personal friends on this coast, it is of special interest to hear of the great success of her daughter, Mignon, in opera, in Italy. Having heard Mignon several times in private quite recently, we know she will continue to succeed, and will also be a famous singer as was her mother, even now, when the standards are higher.

Max Fiedler, formerly of Hamburg, and the new conductor of the Boston symphony orchestra, states that he has considered the Boston orchestra the best in the world since he heard it play on his last visit to New York a few years ago.

The Stradivarius violin used by Sarasate all his life (the one presented to him by Queen Isabella) was left to the Paris conservatory, and also \$4000, the interest on which will be used as a prize to violin pupils of the conservatory. The sum of \$2000 is to go to increase the fund for aged musicians in Paris.

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LUCILLE'S LETTER

My dear Harriet: Surely the vanity of woman is being pampered in most satisfying fashion at Blackstone's good store, where you can find a millinery department that is well worth visiting. It is really remarkable how moderate Blackstone's prices are—it is a decided comfort to find a hat which is absolute good form, and at a price that does not send the cold chills down your spine. Their automobile and traveling hats, trimmed in simple fashion with a fringed scarf, are the noblest, neatest bits of headgear imaginable, the kind which never become tawdry. Of course you can find the novelties at Blackstone's, too; the monstrous shapes all nodding with plumes and with great snails of ribbon perched in the front; the big flat hats over which young girls rave; the trim, small hat and the huge, ribbon-decked directoire. It's well worth your time to consider Blackstones when you go shopping for things in the millinery line.

What a fascination for the feminine there is in a combination of the esthetic and the barbaric. Witness the belt buckles and brooches and directoire belts at the jewelry department of the Ville de Paris, if you don't believe me. The new buckles are heavy conceits of Pompeian gold, oddly engraved and set with great topazes, matrices and amethysts. The settings are of the quaint fashions of a century ago—almost as if one had found the road to yesterday. And those directoire belts! They come in taffeta, messaline and leather, and girdle trimly about the waist, with long tasseled ends knotted half way down the side. The leather ones are adorned with jade-set buckles and gold balls and tassels that are deliciously heathenish. When you walk they jingle in most appealing fashion, and are just bound to make people turn and stare—and that is fashion's highest aim, you know.

To the mother who has one or several girls to dress life isn't a very funny proposition. But if she goes to the misses' department at the Boston Store, she will find it is not half such a tragedy as she imagines. The suits there combine serviceable qualities with beauty—an all too rare occurrence. For the little girl of eight or twelve there are the junior suits with boyish box coats and pretty kilted skirts, neatly made and finely finished. For the high school girl and the prospective debutante there are the novelties and the substantial styles which are the mothers' delight. The materials are of the very best—the manish cloth being a favorite. Almost any shade is good, and there is a variety of styles from which to choose. You know the young buds' hearts always yearn for an evening coat, and the Boston Store can gratify that desire

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Do you know, my dear girl, the more I look at fashion's product the less I wonder at the failure of the masculine mind to grasp our foibles. No wonder they are always asking "What will it be next?" I suppose next year the stout woman will be in fashion—but if she is, let us sincerely trust that the directoire gowns go out. As ever yours,
LUCILLE.
South Figueroa street,
October 14.

AT THE LOCAL THEATERS

By George A. Dobinson

David Warfield's success, his wonderful grasp of his audiences, in the representation of a type so homely and so truly domestic as he gives in "The Music Master," is not only a proof of his genius, but it furnishes the best evidence that the taste of the theater-going public has not been thoroughly vitiated by the deluge of inanity, and worse, with which the stage is flooded today. When both men and women can be melted to tears and moved to merriment, alternately, at the contemplation of a simple story like that of the humble music master, it may be safely concluded that humanity is not past praying for, and that the stage, when it holds the mirror up to nature, has yet a glorious mission to fulfill and one that is full of promise of accomplishment. And this, it seems, is, after all, the cheering lesson to be learned from the display of Mr. Warfield's art, that is just now drawing crowded audiences of intelligent and appreciative people to the Belasco.

Simplicity and naturalness, combining in sympathetic interpretation, modulated to the finest shade of feeling, now in light touches, and again in strong and overwhelming force, make Warfield's music master an irresistible power, and the after impression is clean, purifying and elevating, indeed. Every part in the little play is filled with a prevision that only a keenly discriminating eye could have furnished, and the story is admirably told not by the principal actor alone, but by all the people who surround him. No fewer than nine members of the original cast are now appearing in the piece, a remarkable fact when it is remembered that it was brought out in New York four years ago, namely, September 26, 1904, and that it has been played continuously since, with the exception of one season devoted to Mr. Warfield's other success, "A Grand Army Man," and its drawing power seems likely to continue indefinitely.

"My Wife" at the Burbank

"My Wife," a four-act farce adapted by Michael Morton from the French piece entitled, "Mademoiselle Josette, Ma Femme," by Garault and Char-nay, is the offering at the Burbank theater this week. John Drew was using it a year ago as a vehicle for the display of his idiosyncracies, and, of course, left his English stamp upon the work so that critics have warned other players to "keep off the grass." But Manager Morosco puts Byron Beasley forward in a Burbank production at one-fourth of the price charged for the privilege of looking at John Drew and without a corresponding diminution in the interest felt in the piece. Mr. Beasley does not give us a London swell, but he is thoroughly American, a fact which is emphasized by his atrociously nasal voice. He is, however, quite competent to handle the not very perplexing intricacies of the middle-aged man's love affair, and succeeds in exposing the farcical absurdities of the situations without apparently revelling in them. But it is Blanche Hall who is the life of the farce, and her Trixie, spoiled, willful, elusive and persuasively piquante, is among the very best of her characters. It is a pleasant impression to leave behind her on the eve of her temporary departure.

One great handicap to the successful presentation of a piece of this description is the composite character of its people. Of sixteen personages, about one-half the number are supposed to speak Londonese and the remainder are French and Swiss people, who speak English with variations of mixed Gallic and Hibernian derivation. The remarkable thing about this tongue twisting is, that while the foreigners strain themselves, badly, in trying to talk English to English people, they go through the same distressing efforts when they talk to one another, instead of falling into their native tongue which might be indicated by their assumption of correct English for the time being. A knowledge of French is so often demanded of the actor of today that his equipment is not good without it. The character people in this piece showed up dis-

treasingly on account of an inexcusable ignorance in this regard with two brilliant exceptions, Mr. Charley Gyblin and Mr. Mestayer. The last named gentleman's cleverness and his impossible French wooer was in just that view of exaggeration that suited the lives and the situations!

Mr. Gyblin, a new member of the company, was really droll in his fire-eating fury and irascibility as the French father. As a caricature it was extremely well done. But why does Mr. Gyblin, like certain other actors, leave his make-up half done? His face was a mask of white with dark lines to represent age, while his ears and a liberal amount of exposed neck remain of their natural sanguineous hue. The contrast is not comic, it is hideous.

The first and second acts of this farce are slow, but the interest increases later on, and the closing scene is a fitting climax, the dialogue, here and elsewhere, showing pretty plainly where the censoring blue pencil of the adapter has eliminated the suggestive lines of the French original, allowing but few to remain.

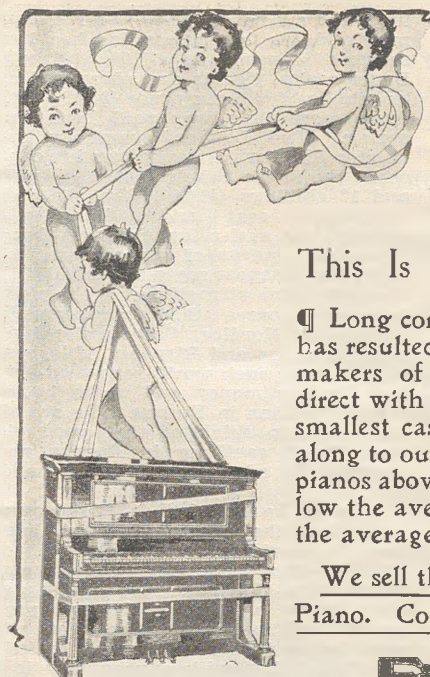
"Man on the Box" at Auditorium

A dramatized novel would be a bore if one were obliged to have an acquaintance with the tale in order to pass judgment upon the play taken from it. Now, "The Man on the Box," which Lewis Stone and his company are giving at the Auditorium this week, is, in its dramatized form full of crudities and absurdities, yet, withal, is quite amusing. It was produced in New York just three years ago with Henry E. Dixey in the principal part, and later was used by Max Figman, who played it in this city last spring. Lewis Stone is happy in his assumption of the lively young society blood whose adventure as the groom, or the "man on the box," leads him into a troublous series of situations, ending with the winning of his lady love. Miss Oakley seconded his efforts in charming style, and the pair, in spite of Mr. Southard's antics and queer delivery in a part for which he is quite unsuited, made the piece a success. Its plot, if it has any aside from the incident of the disguised groom, is found in the embarrassments of Colonel Annesley, who, having lost his fortune at the gaming table, seeks to recoup himself by selling plans of United States fortifications to a Russian spy, at a high figure. Pathetic interest is imparted in the fact that the guilty colonel's daughter is the young woman in whose fate our sympathies are engaged, because she is the object of the hero's affection, and then, too, the Russian spy wants to marry her, and she can't abide him.

There are incidents connected with the handling of the "plans," which are hidden in one place and bunglingly turn up in another, and the climax is badly worked up. As a sample of the humor the introduction of that ancient joke about "a slip of the tongue" may be noted. James K. Applebee is correct and clever in his eccentric way as the police judge, and Mr. Scott is sadly impressive as the delinquent Colonel Annesley. The feminine element, outside of the heroine, is confined to a few familiar lay figures. One of these latter is confided to Miss May Ridgeway, a debutante from the ranks of Los Angeles society. The part gives the young woman no chance to act, and only shows that she has a low-pitched voice, too low for the Auditorium, and that she wears pretty gowns.

Entertaining Nonsense at Mason

"Foolish affair" is the aptly descriptive term used by the J. M. Welsh Amusement company in its presentation of Rice and Cady in "Hip, Hip, Hooray," a musical comedy which is holding the stage at the Mason this week. Still, it is pretty good foolishness for whoever enjoys such entertainments and serves to while away two or three hours for those to whom spare time is a large asset. Plot was omitted by the author, but a few good songs, a clever dance or two and a dozen or so comely maidens serve to put sufficient zest and entertainment into the play to make it passable. Rice and Cady with their inimitable jumbling of the American language have a corner on all the laugh-



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ter and in truth the play is but a vehicle for their entertaining nonsense.

On the Orpheum Stage

There are three excellent numbers on the Orpheum stage this week, the remainder is sad mediocrity. First in point of attraction is the clean, sprightly and superior acrobatic work of the Trapnells—holdovers at that. Charmion presents a beautiful exterior, the graceful anatomical lines evidencing what must have been a stunning figure a decade or so ago. She does clever balancing on a swinging bar, and chatters amiably to her audience the while she is admiring her rounded limbs. But one does not quarrel with little weaknesses like that; her curves are as admirable as those of Pfeister, Chicago's wizard pitcher. The three Moshers in their skillful cycling act, spiced with comedy, are third in the group. Childish drivel is the only term that designates the "conversational jokes" of Warren and Blanchard, but their singing is passable. Amateurish is the work of Louise Schmidt & Co. in the prison scene from Faust. Their attitudinizing is almost grotesque in their efforts to assume grand opera airs. Ellis Rhodes has a good tenor voice, but his Faust is reminiscent of a sixteenth century troubadour in its sighs and grimaces. Gage Christopher makes up in poses for what he lacks in voice. Miss Schmidt's soprano is too thin for the big music she essays. A little of Mr. Duncan's ventriloquial feats is amusing, but prolonged it is tiresome. Frank Gardiner and Lottie Vincent in their fantasy, "Winning a Queen," are just fairly good. Mr. Gardiner's humor lacks spontaneity. The "Two Pucks," Harry and Eva, are attractive in their Scotch make-up, but Harry's dialect would astonish a Glasga' man. They dance well in an imitative sort of way, and are wholesome to the eye, but their Bowery stunt has been done much better by others on the same stage not so long ago.

"Little Johnny Jones" at the Grand

"Little Johnny Jones" is possessed of a crisp snap that even a company of ordinary ability, such as that at the Grand Opera house this week, cannot mar. The play has a verve and dash and a tunefulness that puts it among the best of its class and accounts for its continued popularity. William Keough as the Unknown is the particular star of this company. The whimsical Cohanesque humor makes the part, but Keough misses no point. Charley Brown, playing Johnny Jones, is a good-looking boy with a dazzling smile who fills his part acceptably. Amy Mortimer, as Goldie Gates, sings even better than she looks, and that is saying a good

deal. Barring the flippant Florabelle of Ada Gifford, the only thing noteworthy in the remainder of the performance is the admirably conceived scene of the outgoing ship at the close of the second act.

Offerings Next Week.

Many years have passed since Florence Stone illumined Morosco's stage, and Burbankers will be welcoming an old favorite when she begins a starring engagement in "Dorothy Vernon." During William Desmond's vacation Byron Beasley will assume the leading roles, and without doubt to advantage.

For a week Lewis Stone retires comparatively to the background, when Mrs. Fiske's gloomy "Leah Kleschna" will be presented at the Auditorium. Florence Oakley will play Leah, the girl thief who is reformed through the love of a good man. The part will give her opportunity further to demonstrate her fine emotional ability.

The line of eager ticket-buyers continues to fill the lobby of the Belasco theater, and David Warfield will endeavor to satisfy public demand by five performances of "The Music Master," Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Thursday matinee, Friday, Saturday and Saturday matinees he will play "A Grand Army Man," in which he won decided personal success in New York.

At the Orpheum next week a bill of exceptional merit is promised, beginning with the matinee Monday, Jesse L. Lasky's "Pianophiends" heads the list. The act is a novel one and is said to be of real musical worth. An acrobatic turn by the seven Yulians is a daring and entertaining one. Claud & Fanny Usher in a slang classic, "Fagan's Decision," give an act alternating with humor and pathos. Reiff brothers, the American dancing boys have a turn all their own and are well skilled in their art. "Gen." Ed. LaVine appears in a mirth-provoking stunt and the holdovers are Charmion, Harry & Eva Puck, Gardiner & Vincent. New moving pictures will be shown in two installments.

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ART AND ARTISTS

By René T. de Quelin

Continuing the review of the Painters' club exhibit which is held in the Blanchard galleries, Carl Oscar Borg's work calls for first attention. The prominent canvas by this artist is "The Seal Hunters, Island of Santa Cruz." It is a painting filled with human interest, for it depicts men in full action catching seals, and completely illustrates the methods employed in the work, for we see the net cast across the inlet to the cave, the smoke issuing from the cavern after the men have fired a gun into it in order to frighten the seals from their home to seek refuge in the open sea, only to be caught in the nets and lassoed, dragged ashore and cast into crates for their long journey to Amsterdam. The type of men resembles the buccaneer of years gone by and even suggests that piracy might still hold sway on the south west coast and its adjacent islands, as of yore. Mr. Borg deserves great credit for the drawing and action of his figures, for they are full of intense life and earnestness: men of a peculiar type, mainly Spanish, crossed with Indian or negro blood, rough powerful and hardy, true toilers of the sea. The schooner seen at a distance, the massive rocks, the deep blue water and the intense blue summer sky are all strongly and forcefully painted.

It all expresses the wonderful strides that Mr. Borg has made the last twelve months in painting, for he has attained a marvellous dexterity in handling the brush, a sureness of touch, with a swinging technique that proves this painter to be on the straight and direct road to greatness. He has attained a high standard of craftsmanship, he draws swiftly and accurately with the brush, so that we can call him a painter of marked attainments, but his greatness will all depend upon his attitude toward nature. To judge from his present work there is no fear, as beyond the actual methods of painting, the manipulation of color and brush, there lies the greater, grander and wider problem, the pure expression of art. "La Mission de Santa Barbara," a beautiful moonlight canvas of this fine old Mission, is another painting by this artist and in direct contrast to "The Seal Hunters," showing as it does the poetic quality of Mr. Borg's nature. It is all tender and mysterious, with a beautiful rhythm and melody that holds one with intense interest in its low-toned vibrations. "Repairing the Boat" is in a low key which is full of poetry and excellent drawing. "Pelican Bay, Island of Santa Cruz" is a strong canvas showing forceful coloring and strong drawing that gives us a wonderful impression of that picturesque and rugged island that so aroused the enthusiasm of the Spanish discoverers.

"Mid Winter in San Gabriel Valley" by Albert Clinton Conner, is a good painting with excellent values, tender coloring, good appreciation of atmosphere and light and shade. "Along the Arroyo Bluffs," "Across the Channel, Balboa," "Early Spring, A Study," are others by this artist, which call for attention.

"Near Monrovia," Santa Anita Wash," and "Old Oak," are by Burton S. Boudney and suggest a painter who is too severely earnest and does not dream enough.

"Hazy Mountains," and "The Barley Field" are by J. M. Black, another earnest worker who will probably tell a good story later on.

"Woodland Vista," "Listening to the Song of the Moon," "The Call of the Brook" and "In the Gloaming," by Frank Elwin Evans, are pictures somewhat too dreamy and indefinite, but show that this artist is endowed with a strong poetic nature that needs a little more good hard work with the brush and a closer acquaintance with Dame Nature in order to encourage a more vigorous technique.

"Showery at Rubio," "A Rocky Point, Laguna Coast," "On Laguna coast," "Early Morning," "Study of Eucalyptus," and "Sunset Laurel Can-

yon" are by David Dunn. Some of these show good promise, especially if they were less labored.

Frank Conner, son of Albert Clinton Conner, exhibits "Little Santa Anita Canyon," "Evening, San Pedro," and "Morning, San Pedro," which hint of a growing future.

Charles P. Austin, who lately returned from an extended trip abroad through France and Italy, shows only pastel memorandums that are not at all representative of this artist.

In the water colors, Norman St. Clair and Frank R. Lidell take the lead, the former showing six paintings: "Advancing Morn," "Westerling Day," "Morning Light," "Hill Slopes," "California Coast," and "Sycamores and Mustard." This artist is well known for his water colors. He is a painter with a keen appreciation of the effect of light through all his work, as well as for ariel perspective, one who loves the bright and happy sunlight. "The Advancing Morn" is the most pretentious one of the number shown.

Frank R. Lidell is another who is making big strides in his art; he shows "Approach of Night," San Bernardino Mountains," "Autumn Shadows," "The Grey of Evening," and "Homeward," all of interest. "Approach of Night" is the best, well handled, good in color and full of poetry and tenderness.

I. W. Theiss has "Morning on the Rim Road, Mt. Wilson," "On Echo Rock, Mt. Wilson," "Secret of the Forest," "On the Deer Park Trail, Mt. Wilson," and "Near Clifton-by-the-Sea," which suggest that this painter would, perhaps, be more successful in another medium.

There are pencil, charcoal and pen sketches by several of the members. A. C. Conner having good charcoal studies, Norman St. Clair interesting pencil sketches of figures and cottages, that are very good. I. W. Theiss presents quite a number of pen and ink studies of landscapes and trees, that show this worker to be endowed with an extraordinary amount of patience, that somewhat destroyed the spontaneity of his labor. "The Old Adobe" and "Oaks" are the best by this draughtsman.

A. Stirling Calder, the sculptor, has just completed a very fine Celtic cross which is to be placed in a cemetery in Rock Island, Illinois. This monument was commissioned by Dr. Richard Harte for his father, William Hickman Harte, who was killed in action, June, 1862, while serving in the United States navy in the Civil War.

It is impossible to convey in words the refined beauty of the cross, which is richly carved with an interpretation of Celtic ornament which is truly original with Mr. Calder. While it has all the beauty, force and power of the old Irish and Scotch Celtic crosses that are world-famous, Mr. Calder's has a translation that is very refreshing, powerful and strong and withal original, carried out with a perfect understanding of all the difficulties of the sculptor's art to a great success.

There has been an important new addition to the exhibit of paintings in the Steckel gallery; a canvas by J. B. Hofner, of Munich, that all lovers of paintings should see.

One of the most important classes for serious art study was opened this week by J. W. Clauson, portrait painter, in the Blanchard building. It was organized by Mrs. Crowell, Mrs. Ross, Miss Gwendlyn Laughlin, Miss Troutman, Miss Bean and Miss Lettiller, all of whom are earnest workers. Mr. Clauson is unusually fitted for the teaching of this class.

Miss Helen Coan, whose studio is on Burlington ave., is working hard for a prospective exhibit which she intends to place in the Kanst art galleries about the middle of next month, if she can secure a date for it. Miss Coan has been a worker in Los Angeles for a number of years. She was trained in the Art League of New York and later studied under Mr. Dow of that city.

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PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

By Ruth Burke

EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

MONDAY—Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, 2408 South Figueroa street, dinner for Miss Macneil; evening, Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. Hamilton, dinner, Hotel Lankershim; evening.

TUESDAY—Wedding, Mrs. Florence Rivers Stowell and Mr. Joseph D. Radford at home of bride's mother; evening, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Hoover and West Adams streets, tea for Miss Macneil; afternoon, Miss Lois Chamberlain, box party at Auditorium for Miss Hazel Patterson; afternoon.

WEDNESDAY—Miss Helen Wells, 2637 Ellendale Place, luncheon for Miss Bishop and Miss Hubbell; afternoon, Mrs. Leland Bagley and Mrs. William Pelly at home of former, afternoon affair for Miss Mary Widney. Tea at home of Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow, 2329 South Figueroa street for social service workers; afternoon.

THURSDAY—Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, dinner for Miss Macneil; evening, wedding, Miss Rose Marie Neahr and Mr. George Rice, Jr., at home, 321 South Second street, Alhambra. Mrs. J. Ross Clark and Mrs. Henry Carleton Lee 710 West Adams street, tea for Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr.; afternoon.

FRIDAY—Miss Mary Clark, 9 St. James Park, luncheon for Miss Bishop; afternoon.

SATURDAY—Miss Irene Kelly, box party at Auditorium for Miss Bishop; afternoon, Miss Ethel Shrader, box party, Auditorium, for Miss Widney; evening, Annual dinner of the Bachelors, Alexandria hotel; evening.

On every hand one hears prophecies of a brilliant social season for 1908-1909, and from the manner in which the society matrons have begun entertaining it is a certainty that the prediction cannot be far wrong. Twenty-five leaders of the smart set already are planning to crown the festivities with a superbly brilliant dinner-dance to be given at Hotel Alexandria, December 16. The reported upheaval in the "Four Hundred"; the alleged strife waged among the leading society matrons for supremacy and for recognition in the exclusive circle means little beyond a decided heightening of interest in the social affairs for the winter months and a renewal of activities which, of recent years, have lagged. As for the leaderships, Los Angeles society is too firmly established to necessitate a public avowal of such. Those matrons who figure prominently in the foreground of the city's distinctive society are there by right, well founded, and need no jealous protection of their positions. The twenty-five women recently selected as hostesses for the dinner-dance of December 16 have each planned to entertain individually with a large affair prior to that event. In accordance with this decision, invitations will be issued early next week by Mrs. Allan C. Balch of Hotel Angelus for a tea to be given October 29, at the California club, from 4 to 6 o'clock. Assisting the hostess will be Meses. Adna R. Chaffee, A. G. Wells, Walter Newhall, Charles C. Carpenter, Wesley Clark, Fred Bixby, Ernest A. Bryant, Roland Bishop, Howard E. Huntington, Margaret Hobbs, Willoughby Rodman, William G. Kerckhoff, Curtis Williams, Frank Thomas, W. W. Lovett, Burton E. Green, Albert Crutcher, Henry Carleton Lee, John G. Kinney, E. T. Pettigrew, Leo Chandler, W. A. Barker, Lynn Helm, Scott Helm, George J. Denis, R. Craig, William E. Dunn, Cameron E. Thom, Misses Sue Carpenter, Helen Newlin, Helen Chaffee, Alberta Denis, Annis Van Nuys, Kate Van Nuys, Florence Silent, and Miss Coleman. Among others who have already announced dates for entertaining are Mrs. Walter Newhall, who will give a formal tea at the Los Angeles Country club Thursday afternoon, November 5, for Miss Macneil and Miss Sallie Utley; Mrs. E. A. Bryant, who will entertain with a tea at her home the afternoon preceding, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, who are to be host and hostess at a dance at Kramer's Tuesday evening, November 10.

One of the prettiest weddings of the week was that of Miss Valleeux Gillespie and Mr. Myron Athol Poole, Jr., a wealthy young Philadelphian. The ceremony took place at Christ Episcopal church Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock and was witnessed by a

hundred or more friends. The wedding service was read by Rev. Baker P. Lee and the music was rendered by Mr. Archibald Sessions. The church decorations were in white and green. The bride fashioned every detail of her bridal costume after Nell Brinkley's drawings. Her gown was of directoire style, white satin and heavily embroidered with white crepe. She wore a white hat trimmed with maline and birds of paradise in white and gloves and shoes to match. Mrs. Wilfred Shoebottom, attired in a light blue satin gown was matron of honor. She wore a large picture hat and carried white roses. Miss Jean Craib, the maid of honor was attired in an exquisitely beautiful gown of pink satin, her costume being further enhanced by a large picture hat of pink silk and roses. She carried Cecil Bruner roses. Mr. William A. Gordon was best man and the ushers were Messrs. Harry C. Chamberlain and Edmund De Witt. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served at the Alexandria. Here the decorations were pink and white and the place cards were hand-painted sketches of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Poole left on the evening train for Portland, Ore., and upon their return will visit in Los Angeles, before going to Philadelphia, where they will make their future home.

Just at this time the brides-elect are the center of attention and the motifs for innumerable society affairs. Miss Edna Peyton whose wedding this week was one of the most brilliant affairs of the year has been the recipient of much entertaining and shared a number of honors with Miss Lillian Moore whose marriage to Mr. LeRoy Edwards is yet in the future. Miss Huston Bishop and Miss Lucille Walton are also being accorded a considerable attention in a social way and a number of affairs are being given for them in the few weeks prior to their weddings. Miss Mary Hubbell, Miss Hazel Patterson and Miss Helen Safford also are receiving their quota of feting and each is participating in a busy round of pre-nuptial festivities, attesting their popularity in the younger set. However, it is not only the brides-elect who are being entertained, for with the opening of the winter season there are charming debutantes who have come into notice, including Misses Sallie Utley, Macneil and Alice Elliott, Miss Macneil, daughter of Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil is the first of the coterie of buds to make her formal debut and besides the series of dinner parties which her mother is giving to introduce her into society, she is to be the guest of honor at several other delightful affairs.

Thursday Mrs. Macneil gave the first of the dinner series for her daughter. The decorations were characterized by a pretty profusion of American beauty roses which were used in an artistic arrangement of table and rooms. In accordance with the European custom a musical program was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott as a feature of the evening's entertainment. At the table were Miss Macneil, Mrs. J. S. Slauson, Mrs. Kate Vosburg, Mrs. Walter Newhall, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Captain and Mrs. Randolph H. Miner, Miss Helen Chaffee, Miss Sallie Utley, Mrs. Macneil, Mr. James Slauson, Mr. Frank Brown, Mr. Chester Moore, Dr. Bernard Smith, Mr. Williams Wolters, Mr. James Utley, Mr. Louis Tolhurst, Mr. Joseph Sartori and Mr. Godfrey Holterhoff Jr. Dates for the other dinners of the series at which Mrs. Macneil will be hostess are Monday, Oct. 19, Thursday, Oct. 22, and Thursday evening, Oct. 29. At the second dinner the home will be attractively decorated with a profusion of yellow chrysanthemums and the veranda will be converted into a cozy Japanese bower. Mr. and Mrs. Lott will render the musical numbers as on the initial occasion. Besides Mrs. Macneil and Miss Macneil, others at the table will be Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Utley, Mr. and Mrs. George Denis, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler, Miss Annis Van Nuys, Mr. Maynard McFie, Mr. James Page, Mr. James Slauson and Dr. Bernard Smith.

With at least a half dozen charm-

ing girls of the younger set counting the days until their respective marriages, society has had ample opportunity to entertain extensively with theater parties, luncheons and dinners. Miss Huston Bishop, Miss Lucille Walton, Miss Mary Hubbell, Miss Hazel Patterson, Miss Helen Safford, and Miss Lillian Moore, all are extremely busy young women these days, taking part in a round of festivities given for them by their many friends. Thursday afternoon Meses. Ralph Dow, Hugh Bryson and Howard Robertson entertained for both Miss Bishop and Miss Walton, with a theater party at the Auditorium, following which a collation was served at the Copper Kettle. Guests, besides the two brides-elects were Misses Josephine Lewis, Bessie Allen, Ruth Sterry, Lucy Sinsbaugh, Virginia Johnson, Mabel Clute, Mesdames Lawrence Burck, Howard Schoder, Fred Engstrom, De Forest Howry, John Von Blon and Frank Bates. Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21 Miss Helen Wells of 2637 Ellendale Place will entertain with a luncheon for Miss Bishop and Miss Hubbell. Invitations have been issued for the affair to Misses Kate Van Nuys, Lois Chamberlain, Mary Clark, Helen Chaffee, Juana Creighton, Hazel Patterson, Irene Kelly, Edith Herron, Ruth Sterry, Katherine Clark and Mrs. Burton Green. The Friday following, Miss Mary Clark of 9 St. James Park will entertain for Miss Bishop at luncheon. Saturday Miss Bishop will be guest of honor at another affair, a box party at the Auditorium theater given by Miss Irene Kelly. Among the several entertainments planned for Miss Walton will be a card party to be given in the near future by the sisters of her betrothed, Mrs. E. S. Pauly and Miss Josephine Lewis.

An affair in the form of a luncheon will be given for Miss Hubbell and Miss Patterson by Miss Clara Vickers, Tuesday afternoon, October 27. Miss Patterson also will be the guest of honor Tuesday, October 20, at a box party which Miss Lois Chamberlain will give at the Auditorium theater. For Miss Hubbell there will be given a series of various entertainments within the next few weeks. Miss Mollie Adelia Brown of 920 Magnolia avenue is her hostess today, giving a matinee party at the Auditorium. Early in November Mrs. Hugh Macneil will entertain for Miss Hubbell with a luncheon and Miss Kate Van Nuys will give a dinner-dance in her honor. Friday evening, November 6, Miss Hubbell herself will be hostess at an attractively-appointed dinner given for the members of her bridal party.

Numerous delightful pre-nuptial affairs are being given for Miss Helen Safford, whose marriage to Mr. Albert McFarland Bonsall is an event of the near future in which the younger set is interested. Recently, Miss Safford was the guest of honor at a dinner party given by Mrs. William H. Bonsall, mother of her betrothed. Mrs. Earl Mueller of 627 Westlake avenue is her hostess today, giving an informal luncheon and theater party in her honor. Following the collation at the home of Mrs. Mueller, the guests including six girl friends of the young bride-elect are to enjoy the afternoon at the Auditorium. Among the others planning to entertain for Miss Safford are Mrs. A. H. Voigt of 936 Westlake avenue and the Misses Hattie and Edna Bradford of 4555 Pasadena avenue. Miss Lillian Moore will share honors at the latter affair.

Of interest to a wide circle of friends will be the marriage of Mrs. Florence Rivers Stowell and Mr. Joseph D. Radford, which will take place Tuesday evening, Oct. 20 at the home of Mrs. Stowell's mother, Mrs. A. Rivers. Mrs. Stowell is one of the well-known society women of the city and Mr. Radford is prominently identified in Los Angeles business circles, being vice-president of the German-American Savings bank.

Mrs. Frank A. Gibson, who is to leave Monday to join her son, Mr. Hugh S. Gibson, secretary of the American legislation at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, is the guest of honor this afternoon at an informal reception, which Mrs. Herman Kerckhoff of 1325 West Adams street is giving. No cards were issued for the affair and friends of Mrs. Gibson's were given a general

invitation. Mrs. Gibson, who during her residence in Los Angeles several years ago was one of the leaders in the exclusive society returned here a few months ago, having passed five years in Europe where her talented son studied in preparation for the diplomatic service.

Mrs. Michael Gilleas of 215 North La Brea avenue, Hollywood announces the engagement and approaching marriage of her daughter, Blanche, to Mr. Frank Henry Jones of Memphis, Tenn. The wedding will take place early in December at the home of the bride and will be simple in its appointments.

Mrs. J. Ross Clark and her daughter, Mrs. Henry Carleton Lee will be hostesses Thursday afternoon, October 22, at a smart tea party to be given at the home of the former on West Adams street in compliment to Mrs. W. A. Clark Jr.

Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes have returned from a month's visit in the East where they were accompanied by the latter's sister, Mrs. E. T. Earl and her young son. Mrs. Earl and Mrs. Hughes visited in Louisville, Ky., at the home of their father, Mr. J. T. Jarvis, while Dr. Hughes was in New York. Mrs. Earl remained in the south for a further visit with relatives and friends.

Miss Katherine Mellus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mellus who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Houghton in Oakland, has been the guest of Miss Helen Cheseborough in San Francisco this week.

Mrs. Mary Longstreet will entertain with a tea at her home, Adams and Hoover street Tuesday afternoon, October 20, in honor of Miss Macneil, who made her debut this week at a formal dinner given by her mother, Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil.

Under the presidency of Mrs. John P. Jones, the Alliance Francaise held its opening meeting for the season this week. The organization has for its special purpose the propagation of the French language, its literature, philosophy and artistic compositions. Professor Jacquard Auclair, the director, has been in charge of the literary sessions for the last four years and a number of the literary women of Los Angeles are aiding the Alliance by their valuable patronage. The first literary soiree is to be given October 22 at Cummock hall and will be followed by regular monthly meetings. Patronesses are Meses. J. P. Jones, C. J. Fox, W. A. Edwards, J. F. Sartori, H. E. Lee, I. C. Merrill, Robert Farquhar, Rea Smith and H. Lee, Jr.

Preparations are about completed for the annual dinner to be given by the Bachelors at the Alexandria hotel, Saturday evening, October 24. This affair while only for the Bachelors themselves is always looked upon with interest by society folk, for it is the forerunner of the annual ball, which event is one of the most brilliant functions of the winter season. The new board of governors will be elected at the annual dinner and plans for the ball will be placed in their hands for the working out of details.

Mrs. Leila Lawson of Hotel Pepper left Thursday for Denver to visit Mrs. John Daly. She will return to Los Angeles the last of November and will make her home at hotel Lankershim.

Mrs. Wesley Clark of 141 Westmoreland Place will entertain Saturday evening, October 31, with a supper dance in compliment to Miss Macneil, Miss Utley, and Miss Alice Elliott, three of the interesting debutantes of this season. The latter of these three young girls will make her formal debut at a dance which her father, Mr. J. M. Elliott and her sister, Miss Mary Belle Elliott will give at Kramer's the evening of November 17, in her honor.

Miss Florence Silent, who has been enjoying the beauties of Lake Tahoe, for two months has returned to her home No. 4 Chester Place.

Society this week has been largely represented at the Belasco theatre where David Warfield is playing. While all who so desired could not obtain boxes and loges for the opening night of the well-known actor's

engagement yet the overflow filled the auditorium to its doors and the assemblage was a brilliant one. In the first and second boxes to the right, Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter were host and hostess and their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Hugh L. Macnell, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. Walter Newhall, Mr. Harry B. Kay, Dr. Bernard Smith, Mr. Will Wolters. Mrs. Mary Wilcox in another box entertained Captain and Mrs. Randolph H. Miner, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake and Mr. Alfred Wilcox. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark Jr. in their box entertained Miss Nina Jones as their guest of honor, having also Mr. Walter Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Lee. Mr. M. A. Hamburger occupied his box with his sisters, Misses Evelyn and Belle Hamburger and Mr. and Mrs. Sweet. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Desmond entertained the Misses Desmond in a lower box. Mrs. Ethel Graham and her daughter, Miss Graham occupied a stage box with friends. In another box, Mr. Frederick Belasco, Mr. Hobart Bosworth and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Glazier represented the thespians present. Mr. and Mrs. Max Chapman with Miss Mary Chapman occupied a loge and Mrs. George M. Clayton with a party of friends watched the performance from an upper box. Among others who formed parties were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rowan, who entertained the former's mother, her sister and Miss Fannie Rowan and brothers: Mr. O. W. Childs and his mother, Mrs. Emmeline Childs: Capt. and Mrs. A. C. Jones: Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Kellam with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Macy: Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan with the latter's mother, Mrs. Mary Briggs and Mr. Louis Vetter, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wren, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Whitmore, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McDonald and numerous more prominent society folks.

Among the brides of the fall season who are being widely entertained is Miss Mary Widney whose marriage to Mr. Sidney Nairn Reeve is to take place Nov. 5. Already, Miss Widney has been the recipient of much attention from her friends and several delightful affairs are to be given for her in the week or two preceding her wedding. Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. R. J. Van Houghten and Miss Alice Cullen of 1620 Orange street entertained at a bridge whist party and shower in honor of Miss Widney. Their guests included Miss Mary Widney, Mmes. Paul Pauly, Herbert Howard, Albert Lee Stephens, Will Crippen, Frank Alton, Leland Bagley, March Shelton, Misses Ethel Shrader, Katherine Widney, Hannah McDonald, Julia Hutchinson, Florence Plumstead and Louise Loere. This afternoon Mrs. Frank Alton and Miss Julia Hutchinson are entertaining with a whist party for Miss Widney at the home of Mrs. Alton, 161 West Fortieth Place. Wednesday, Oct. 21 Miss Widney will be the guest of honor at an afternoon card party to be given by Mrs. Leland Bagley and Mrs. William Pelley at the former's home on Seventh avenue and Adams street. Saturday afternoon, Miss Ethel Shrader of Hollywood will be hostess at a box party at the Auditorium given for Miss Widney. About two hundred invitations are to be issued for the marriage of Miss Widney and Mr. Reeve, the ceremony being performed by the bride's uncle, Rev. J. P. Widney, on the grounds surrounding Bethel chapel of which he is pastor. Mrs. Herbert Howard is to be the matron of honor, Miss Katherine Widney, the maid of honor and Miss Hannah McDonald will be bridesmaid. Mr. Warren Williams will be best man and the ushers chosen are Messrs. Myrick Reynolds, Jr., Aubrey Austin, Howard Bullen and Erwin Widney, brother of the bride-elect.

Among the engagements of interest announced in the last few weeks is that of Miss Blanche Donnell, daughter of Major J. A. Donnell of 6312 Pasadena avenue to Mr. C. E. Knecht. Miss Donnell is a handsome young woman of striking blond type. She is the sister of Messrs. John and Horace Donnell, the tennis champions, and herself is a sorority girl of the Los Angeles high school. Mr. Knecht is a brother of Miss Elsa Knecht, a prominent society girl of this city and

at present is engaged in South Africa, where he holds an important position as mining engineer. Miss Donnell will leave next week for London where she will remain a week or two enroute to South Africa to join her betrothed and will be married in December.

With brilliantly attractive appointments, the wedding Wednesday evening of Miss Edna Peyton and Mr. Charles M. Cotton was one of the most impressive of the season. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Peyton, 857 Westlake avenue and was witnessed by two or three hundred friends of the two families. Rev. D. F. Howe of the Westlake Methodist church assisted by Rev. Dr. Pitner officiated at the service, which was celebrated in the drawing room before a long mirror banked with chrysanthemums and palms. The hall was prettily embowered with quantities of white blossoms and woodwardia ferns. In the library ferns were principally utilized and the dining room where supper was served was fragrant with a profusion of white roses and carnations. The bride was attired in an elaborate gown of white satin with bodice and sleeves of duchesse and rose point lace. Her long veil of real lace was fastened with a cluster of lilies of the valley and she carried a bouquet of the same flowers. Miss Mary Belle Peyton, sister of the bride was maid of honor. Her gown was of corn-colored silk, trimmed with gold and made in sheath effect. She wore a gold coronet and carried ferns. Bridesmaids were Miss Barbara Cotton, of Gallup, N. M., Miss Grace Beckwith of Danville, Ill., Miss Eleanor Brooks of Springfield, Mo., Miss Mabel Gregory of San Francisco and Miss Besse McMurry of Kansas City, Mo. All were attired in gowns of pale green satin, made in sheath effect with high neck, long sleeves and trimmed with silver. The gowns were made en train and each bridesmaid carried directoire stars of white chrysanthemums. Little Mary Margaret Hawes, a niece of the bride was flower girl and was daintily frocked in white lingerie. Mr. Calvin Page Heaton was best man, and the groomsmen were Mr. Robert Peyton and Mr. Lester Hibbard. The bride entered the room on the arm of her father and a special musical program was presented by Miss Catherine Ebbert. Following the ceremony a reception was held, the bride and groom being assisted in receiving by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peyton and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Cotton. At the conclusion of an extended trip, Mr. and Mrs. Cotton will make their home in Gallup, N. M., where the groom has built a beautiful bungalow.

For the purpose of interesting Los Angeles residents in the social service work of the city, a tea will be given at the home of Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow, 2329 South Figueroa street from 2 to 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21. A short musical program will be presented and Bishop Johnson will speak. Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. Mark Rice, Miss Nelson and Mrs. Ernest Williams will be assisted at the cake and candy tables by a bevy of the young society women of the city. Mrs. John Griffith will serve tea and wafers to the guests and the reception committee will be composed of Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. Summer Hunt, Mrs. Enoch Knight, Mrs. Spencer Smith, Mrs. C. J. Fox, Mrs. Isaac Milbank and Mrs. Nathan Weston.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. Hamilton of 756 Carondelet street will entertain Monday evening with a large dinner party at the Lankershim hotel.

Of interest to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances is the announcement of the engagement of Captain Llewellyn Wigmore of the United States engineer corps to Miss Irene Moore. Captain Wigmore is the son of Mrs. John Wigmore of this city and prior to his entry in the army was prominently identified with the younger set of Los Angeles. Miss Moore is the daughter of Mrs. C. E. Moore of Greensboro, Pa., where the wedding will take place next month. She is also a niece of Senator W. A. Clark. Captain Wigmore and his betrothed met a few years ago in Washington, D. C. when the former had just returned from the Philippines, where he had been surveying the coal fields. Miss Moore and her mother later made



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a tour of the world and again met Capt. Wigmore, when their friendship culminated in an engagement. After their marriage Captain and Mrs. Wigmore will live in New York, where the officer recently has been stationed.

Miss Lillian Moore, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Moore of 800 South Alvarado street, whose marriage to Mr. LeRoy Mallory Edwards will take place early in November has chosen her bridal party, announcement of which is made for the first time today. Mrs. C. L. Peck will be matron of honor and Miss Helen Macleish is to be the maid of honor. The bridesmaids chosen are Miss Dollie Macleish, Miss Jessie Morgan, Miss Grace Beckwith and Miss Florence Pollard. Mr. James Gibson will be best man and the groomsmen who will serve are Mr. Curtis Mansfield, Mr. Chester Moore, Mr. Willard Lyons, Mr. Walter Kelly and Mr. Reggie Peck. The wedding, which will be one of the most brilliant events of the season, will take place Wednesday evening, November 4, at the home of the bride's parents. Invitations for the affair will number four hundred and these are to be issued in the near future.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Albert Crutcher and Mrs. Cliff Page, Jr., for a buffet luncheon to be given Wednesday, Oct. 28, at the home of Mrs. Crutcher, 1257 West Adams st.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boyd Dunsmore of 3007 Halldale avenue were host and hostess Thursday evening at a dancing party and informal musicale given in celebration of Mrs. Dunsmore's birthday anniversary. The house was attractively decorated for the occasion and a feature of the musical program was the playing of Mr. Richards, a talented pianist of Cornwell, England. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Cann, Mr. and Mrs. Philo Masten, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bourne, Mrs. A. J. Geel, Mrs. Wellington Burke, Miss Bessie McEchern, Miss Janie McEchern, Miss Julia Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Garrett, Jr., Mr. Harold Garrett, Mr. E. P. Rock, Mr. A. E. Warmington, Mr. George Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. William Chalmers—Francis, Mrs. Marie Bradley and Dr. C. H. Montgomery.

Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and Miss Truman who have been staying for two or three months at Tahoe Tavern are at present in San Francisco at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones have returned to their beautiful home at the Palisades, Santa Monica, from a European tour of six or seven months.

LEVY'S CAFE

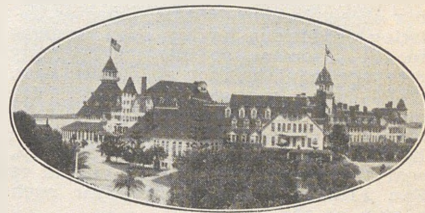
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STOCKS, BONDS, FINANCE

Security prices in all of the standard issues known in this market have taken on an upward swing that presages the good times in store for Los Angeles through the coming winter season. Banking credit for speculation is the single feature still lacking to place Southern California upon the footing that was the rule prior to the recent depression just about a year ago. The opinion of those in position to know is that such credit will not again be so free and easy as formerly, for a considerable time yet.

That the political situation continues a factor in conditions here, as elsewhere, all recognize; one of the striking object lessons in this phase of existing conditions having been brought to the attention of this market only recently in plans that are under way, which when matured will secure for prominent San Francisco interests, nearly \$2,000,000. The success of the Republican national ticket will sign, seal and deliver the money. Think of San Francisco coming here for such a sum at this time!

Oil stocks of known value continue to lead the volume of stock exchange trading, with bank shares a pretty good second, and the best of the public utility and other bonds also stiffening up perceptibly.

Telephone securities of all descriptions remain weak. Los Angeles Home Pfd., and U.S.L.D. will pay their regular quarterly dividends Nov. 10, but there is no demand for either, although Long Distance is much stronger than the stock has been in several weeks.

Money continues easy, with no changes in the rates that prevailed at last reports.

Banks and Banking

"Money is not only plentiful, but banks in the East are over-burdened with the abundance of currency" is the highly encouraging report given to The Graphic by W. H. Holliday, president of the Merchants' National bank who has just returned from a trip to New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Mo., and Canada. "Times are good," continued Mr. Holliday "and conditions in the East I found to be most prosperous. Affairs of a financial nature are being held up to a certain extent pending the result of the national election, but such conditions always exist when an issue of this kind is at hand. With so great an amount of money lying idle, the banks while conservative have been glad to place large sums. While in New York I visited the National City bank and was told that on that day the institution had loaned out \$12,000,000, on call at 2 per cent and glad to do it at that.

"While awaiting the outcome of the November election I found a seemingly majority sentiment in favor of Taft and the idea prevalent that his election was assured. However, there has been a noticeable reversal in the ranks of the Republican party on account of the recent actions of President Roosevelt and many who theretofore had been staunch adherents of that party have swung to the standard of the Democrats. If Taft is elected financial affairs will almost immediately give free rein to days of prosperity, for the policies will continue in much the same channels as before. If Bryan is elected there still may be the same prosperity ahead of the country, but people will first wait to see what will be the result of the change in party administration.

"One gratifying feature to me was the strong Wall street sentiment in regard to Los Angeles. This I found all through the East, but especially in New York City. Where, hitherto, our city has been looked upon with little interest, now I find that it is regarded as a center of the highest financial standing and holds an extremely strong position in the minds of the eastern bankers."

In regard to the guaranty deposit plan Mr. Holliday said: "The proposition is looked upon by financiers and bankers as totally unfeasible and much in the light of a joke. Its supporters are, of course, in a minority and an exceedingly small minority at that. The project embodied in the

Democratic platform is one of the party's weakest planks and like the much-mooted free silver question of two campaigns ago in a short time will be only a memory of a farcical issue of political history."

Absolute prohibition of bank failure will be the results of the establishment of the new bank examination system, according to C. E. Woodside, bond officer of the Los Angeles Trust company, who has performed much of the work of drafting the constitution of the new organization. In his statement Mr. Woodside referred to the safeguards which will mean protection not only to the public, but to the bankers themselves. He said, "Although the adoption of our plans means an absolute protection to the public it is primarily a protection for the bankers themselves, who must be guarded against the misconduct of their fellows. We contemplate placing in operation through the state clearing house association, a bank guarantee which will be superior to any protection that can be afforded by legislation, however, broad and drastic it may be. So exhaustive will be the examinations undertaken by the association that even the slightest technical error or discrepancy in the conduct of a bank will be at once detected and the most drastic measures will be put in force to obviate harm falling upon the association, institutions, or depositors. There will not be the slightest possibility of any banking corporation or private banker impairing resources to such an extent that other bankers and the public will be injured." The central board will hold another session in San Francisco October 26, when the constitution will be finally disposed of and then sent to every bank in the association for suggestions and approval. The organization of the state clearing house association will then be perfected and will include ten clearing house districts, besides Los Angeles and San Francisco.

In San Francisco the central board of the State clearing house association held its opening session, Tuesday, October 13. Among the bankers present were the following representing the ten districts into which the State has been divided: J. E. Fishburn of Los Angeles, H. D. Roberts of San Bernardino, H. S. McKee of Long Beach, E. P. Foster of Ventura, J. J. Morey of Watsonville, W. W. Garthwaite of Oakland, G. J. Woodward of Fresno, Frank Denman of Petaluma and C. W. Bush of Woodland.

At the annual meeting of the Globe Savings bank Thursday evening a large increase both in earnings and in deposits was reported, with business, especially for the last few months, increasing rapidly. The following officers and directors were elected: Chas. A. Elder, president; Chas. Lloyd, vice-president; R. L. Cuzner, vice-president; W. D. Deeble, secretary; R. H. Morse, cashier; G. M. Derby, ass't cashier; Chas. Cassat Davis, attorney; James A. Foshay, Dr. H. M. Bishop, Wm. P. Ball, Dr. John L. Davis, Thos. E. Gibbon. All of the above except Thos. E. Gibbon are the old directors, Mr. Gibbon being elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of E. J. Scott.

Apropos of forgeries, S. H. Herrick, president of the Citizens' National bank of Riverside recently told the following true story illustrative of the shrewdness of intellect and the keenness of eye which characterize many of the cashiers and make the passing of forged checks in such instances almost an impossibility. "The man I refer to" said Mr. Herrick, who is quoted by the Riverside Press, "is a well known cashier in an Oakland bank. One day when I was in that city, in a hurry, and needful of a few hundred dollars, I went into the bank, and explained the circumstances to this cashier. I told him I had not any special means or time for identification, but the giving of my name. The cashier looked at me a moment then said tersely 'write your name.' I did so. The cashier took the paper, glanced over it quickly, but keenly, and then said, 'That signature has passed through this bank endorsing certain checks as president of—bank back east.' It has, I acknowledged, 'I am president of—bank of—' Immediately I received the money. It had

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been four years since the check referred to had gone through that bank and it is a fact to marvel at, that this cashier had remembered the check, name and signature.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Macdonald, McCoy & Co. of Chicago, have secured the \$50,000 bond issue recently approved in Phoenix, Ariz., for the erection of the Tempe Union high school. The bonds run 25 years at 5 per cent. The same firm purchased the \$45,000 school bond issue of Mesa at \$2,180 premium, at 6 per cent.

In order to secure a bond issue of \$12,000,000 the American Agricultural Chemical Co., and the Union Fertilizer Co., filed a mortgage in the Los Angeles county recorder's office in favor of the Columbia Trust Co., of New York.

James H. Adams & Co., has bid \$257 premium and accrued interest for the \$10,000 water bonds left over from the amount voted at the recent bond election at Monrovia.

Trustees of Wilmington received a bid from the state board of examiners for bonds for dredging the harbor. The bid offered a premium of \$1,375 for the issue of \$100,000 and has been accepted by the board of trustees.

Sierra Madre citizens are making an effort to bond that city for the purpose of erecting a gas plant.

Right has been granted the First Presbyterian church of Long Beach to sell bonds to the amount of \$50,000 for the completion of the new church. The Methodists of that city also are raising money in a similar way.

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AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOISTS

By "Magnet"

Herbert Lytle driving an Isotta Fraschini at the rate of 64 miles an hour won the first long distance race on the new Long Island Parkway, and incidentally set up a new American road record for the distance of 250 miles, which he covered in 3 hrs. 59 minutes and 10 seconds. Lytle's car was entered in the class selling for \$4,000 and over and competed with five other makes. The Renault was second in 3 hrs. 50 mins. and 20 seconds, Michtchner third in an Itala in 4 hrs. 13 min. and 19 seconds. This race proved the wonderful advance made in automobile speed track construction and the effect of the 22-foot cement course is reflected in the results. The fear that the narrowness might cause accidents proved groundless. The fact that the speedway had been carried either over or under all grade crossings removed not a little of the anxiety and delay usually felt in road races. The unprecedented freedom from even the minor accidents proved that most of the danger of racing may be eliminated by carrying out the plans of the builders of this track.

Loco wins in 200-mile race

In the most exciting race ever held around Philadelphia, George Robertson driving a Locomobile won the 200-mile race of a dangerous 8-mile circuit in Fairmount Park. His time was 4 hours, 2 minutes, 30 seconds. L. Patchke—the youngster who made such a name for himself in the last 24-hour race at Brighton Beach—was second in an Acme, his time being 4 hours, 14 minutes, 34 seconds—truly a fine showing for a boy not yet twenty years old and who had never driven in a race until the other day. Ralph Mulford in a Lozier was third and Mancher in a Peerless fourth. After the fourth car had crossed the line the remaining cars were stopped. In all, sixteen cars started and only seven or eight survived, the others falling out for various reasons. The cars were sent away at half-minute intervals, beginning at 7 a. m. Half a dozen cars held the lead at various periods of the race and finally Robertson went to the front and was never headed. With him in the lead there was a tremendous race for second position, in which neither Florida in another Loco nor Davis in an Apperson, leaders for the place, were to finish in that position. Then came young Patchke in the Acme and next the Peerless and the Lozier fighting for third place. They had just gone by the grand stand when George Robertson in his Locomobile shot past a winner by a lap ahead of his nearest competitor.

Reform Track Racing

Achievement of speed has been one of the greatest incentives in the evolution and development of means of locomotion. In railroading the demand for a high-speed locomotive called for greater engineering than that demanded in the heavier slower speed type required for freighting. So it has been in other departments of locomotion, all engineers in these departments agreeing that speed in the end is one of the great tests, in fact the supreme test of material, workmanship and design.

In the motor car business the same holds true, and speed is one of the supreme tests. Unfortunately, in America, these tests have been conducted on one-mile circular tracks, which the industry has inherited from the time-honored horse. These tracks in many places have been the death bed of the best drivers in the country, and the wrecking ground of scores of high-priced cars.

In the majority of cases the inside fence or "rail" has been the greatest offender, the cars running into this on the turn, and being wrecked in the infield. There are, however, several cases on record in which cars have plunged through the outer fence, but they are few in comparison with those that have departed from the track at the other side.

Los Angeles—Phoenix Race

Entries of three cars for this race is announced and there is a possibility

of more before the lists close. An additional interest in the event will be a wager of \$1000 made by F. C. Fenner, president of the White Garage, and R. I. Leavitt, the new agent for the Locomobile. Mr. Leavitt declared his intention of entering a Locomobile and the side bet of \$1000 was made with Mr. Fenner. Both gentlemen happened to meet one night last week in the Lankershim hotel and talk of the race arose.

"I am willing to enter," said Mr. Leavitt "but I do not like the idea of racing a high-priced car like mine for a silver cup—I would like to wager \$1000 as a side bet."

With a clasp of the hand Mr. Leavitt accepted the wager and now three starters in the race across the sandy deserts is assured.

Mr. Shettler has entered a Kisselkar and has already posted his forfeit money with John S. Mitchell, the local representative for the event. Never in the history of road racing was such a course chosen. There are mountains, deep-sand and ruts, quick-sands have to be avoided or disaster will be the result. Altogether, it is a terrible undertaking and will test the skill and resources of the drivers as much as it will the quality and design of the competing cars.

Precautions to Insure Safety

It is not clear why this has not been done in many instances, because the American Automobile Association stipulates that in endurance contests on circular tracks "when the contests extend through any fraction of a period between sunset and sunrise greater than one-third thereof, the inner fence at the turn shall be removed and a false fence-work of white canvas or other textile fabric, supported on light pegs, substituted." Following this precaution, would, in not a few cases, have prevented serious accidents. In fact, there is no reason why this clause should not apply to contests on a circular track in daylight hours as well as when illuminated by artificial means. It would be a most creditable performance to the A. A. A. to refuse absolutely to sanction any speed contest on a circular track in which the fences are not removed.

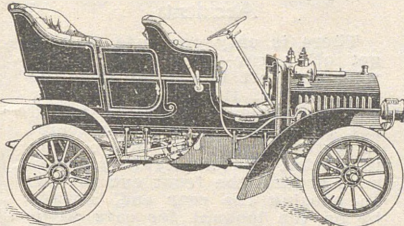
Road Racing Best

If we must have speed contests, and the annual programs abroad seem to indicate that it is imperative, then the more reasonable solution is to secure roadways on which these can be conducted. The ten road contests we are to have, and one of which is to take place on American roads this year, will do much toward eliminating the circular track program. Conducting road meets, however, is ever an expensive sport; whereas, meets on circular tracks are good revenue producers. It is regrettable that in not a few cases race meets have developed into motordome performances for the benefit of the purses of the promoters, rather than for the edification of the spectators and the benefit of the industry.

1909 Locomobile here

Last Wednesday the first shipment of 1909 Locomobiles arrived, and machines now are on the floor, at the Loco showrooms at the corner of Pico and Hill. There were two cars in the shipment, one being fitted with one of the now popular toy-tonneaus painted in the most delicate grey imaginable, with white lines, and the other is a blue touring car. The toy tonneau is a particularly racing looking machine and withal as comfortable as any touring car. It is said that this car will attain a speed of 72 miles an hour—truly a wonderful performance for a car with a 5-inch bore. But then one may expect all that is best in one of these perfectly designed cars, and which have always stood for what is best in American workmanship and material. Mr. Leavitt is expecting the arrival soon of a shipment of the new "30" Locos. This is a new departure in Locomobile construction it being the first modern car turned out by the factory with a shaft-drive. It will be almost identical with the 40-60, with the exception of the shaft-drive, and the fact that the motor will have a 4 1-2 inch bore instead of a 5-inch. The wheel base will be 120 inches and the car complete will sell for the moderate price of \$3,500.

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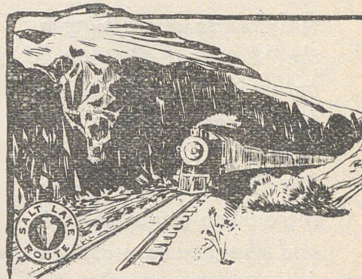
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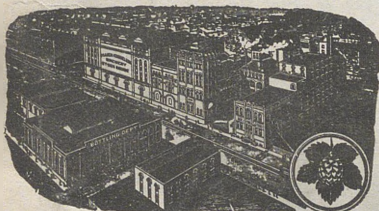


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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior.

U. S. LAND OFFICE at
Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 14, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Alfred Hinker, of Topanga, California, who on March 18, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11298, for E. 1/2 S.W. 1/4, S.W. 1/4 S.W. 1/4, Sec. 2, S.E. 1/4 S.E. 1/4, Sec. 3, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 6th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: A. G. Montgomery, J. L. Wood, A. von Arnswaldt, W. D. Reynolds, all of Topanga, California.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Oct. 3—5t; date first publication Oct 3 '08

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT
Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 1, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William D. Reynolds of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on July 5th, 1905, made Homestead Entry (01561) No. 10853, for S.W. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4, and S. 1/2 of S.W. 1/4, Sec. 1, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 18th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: C. C. Cheney of Topanga, Cal.; Claude M. Allen, of Topanga, Cal.; John Wood, of Topanga, Cal.; J. U. Henry, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Daniel E. Fletcher, of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Oct. 3—5t; date first publication Oct 3 '08

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. LAND OFFICE at
Los Angeles, Cal.,

August 3, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Edward W. Lewis, of 420 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on August 3, 1908, made timber or stone entry, No. 0732, for W. 1/2 of N.E. 1/4 and S.E. 1/4 of N.E. 1/4, and N.E. 1/4 of N.W. 1/4, Section 18, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 23rd day of October, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Marion Decker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; M. G. Kelch, of 420 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.; O. H. Kappler, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Perry Cottle, of Sherman, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Aug. 22—9t; date of first publication
Aug. 22—08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. LAND OFFICE at
Los Angeles, Cal.,

August 28th, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Clyde W. Dayton of Chatsworth, Los Angeles County, California, who, on August 28th, 1908, made timber or stone entry, No. —, for the E. 1/2 of the N.E. 1/4, of Section 28, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, California, on the 10th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur H. Nash, August Schweikhard, Ferdinand Tetclaff, Charles Woolsey, all of Chatsworth, California.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Sept. 5—9t; date of first publication
Sept. 5—08.



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